THE ORIGINAL POEMS AND SKETCHES

OF

BEN. CORNWELL JONES,

Superintendent of Examiners, High Court, Original Side.

Purest gold is found amid much dross,
Rarest jems abound in muddiest streams,
Many a kindly heart beats 'neath a rough exterior.

Author.

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PREFACE.

The Author of the following effusions feels it to be no light adventure thus to enter an untrodden field, and challenge the judgment which must necessarily follow self-introduction to acquaintanceship with a discerning "public"—the nearer the approach, the more intensified is the diffidence experienced in entering that arena, where it is felt so much depends upon the nature of the reception and the expression of opinion, which in this age of pure and enlightened intelligence is so competent to pronounce the aye or the nay of a friendly and favorable welcome—to award but equivocal praise or utterly condemn.

It hath oft-times been customary with tyros in the field of letters to place the account and consequence of their venture to the solicitations of personal friends. Such refuge and shelter might not in the present instance, perhaps, be unwarrantably asserted, but the Author's belief in the inconsistency and weakness of such a resort convinces him that it is infinitely preferable, and more honest, to cast himself unreservedly and with fullest confidence upon the indulgent liberality of all who may do him the honor to peruse his written thoughts.

The Author is fully sensible of the demerits in construction, and of the needless verbiage which characterizes his style of composition; and is not unapprehensive that much of the language employed may be deemed too expressive and latitudinarian, or even in some instances altogether condemnatory.

On these points pendeth the real difficulties of the situation. As in the preparation for a banquet, it is not the provision or lack of variety in the choice of viands which engages the anxious thought, so much as the suitable selection and treatment of them to please an equal variety of tastes and temperaments: for whereas one delighteth in savoury meats and choicest wines, and another affecteth the simplest diet with water unmixed, so in literary indulgences do some prefer a modest reticence to unbridled freedom of expression: since then it so clearly appeareth, that the spirit of one mindedness doth *not* prevail, I would say to each esteemed guest on crossing the threshold of "Liberty Hall—" "Welcome! most welcome! consider thyself fully at home, and in the round of entertainment make thine own selection."

And this revives in my memory pleasing episodes of my youthful days, when guests bidden

to the dear ancestral Hall, ever found loving natures as accessible as the buttery hatch; when generous Saxon hearts assembled at the festive board, vied with each other in all those exquisite arts born of frank and generous natures; with intent only to please and to be pleased; where rich and poor alike found congenial influences to conceive and foster, and pleasing incitements to realize the perfection of all human desires—unrestrained liberty and perfect ease, both of social observance and expression of thought. Imbued with the spirit born of such recollections, I, an humble follower of the Muses, present my simple lays for the hoped for delectation; first, of my much esteemed patrons; and generally of all whose large sympathies may lead them to proffer the meed of encouragement and assistance to a stranger Minstrel. The roll is opened—choose you as you list from the varied store; and if something be not found to bestow upon each mind a trifling acquisition of pleasure, all that the provider can say, is, that HIS regret will be much greater than YOUR disappointment.

The "Extracts" are from two other of the Author's manuscript works, *viz.*,—"Narrative of an Expedition into Burmese Waters during the Last War" and "Ten Years Afloat and Afield,"

during which period, under the flags of Admirals Sir Francis Collier, Charles John Austin, Sir Charles Napier and Lord Clarence Paget, he visited almost every known country, and witnessed the stirring scenes which occurred in China, Burmah, the Baltic, Crimea, and Sea of Azof, and finally accompanied the "Grand Army of China" to Pekin in 1860-61, and was one of the few who witnessed the ratification of the "Elgin" Treaty.

Thus much by way of introduction: nothing now remains but for the Author to launch his barque upon the waters—hopeful that his venture may not prove an ill-chosen one—and trustfully confiding in that indulgence which a liberal-minded public seldom withholds, and to his patrons very respectfully subscribing himself their

Much obliged
Obedient Servant,
BEN. C. JONES.

34, Ballygunge,
October, 1870.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE canvassing for subscribers, and otherwise advertising his work, the Author finds that in his inexperience he has made a mis-calculation as to the size of the book by over 100 pages. This necessitates its division into two volumes, as well to obviate bulkiness, as the impossibility of publication at the price specified, of so much more additional printed matter than the manuscripts were supposed to contain: but considering the great care which, regardless of cost, has been exercised in the getting up of the work, the Author feels that this explanation will suffice to insure the kind consideration of his patrons. The second volume containing the remainder of the "Poems and Sketches," with others to which the interim will daily give birth, will appear as soon as practicable after the disposal of the first.

BEN. C. JONES.

BALLYGUNGE,
1st November, 1870.

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CHANDERNAGORE.

Chandernagore! Chandernagore!
City which by Gunga lies,
City of sweet memories,
All my dearest sympathies
Love thee, Chandernagore.

For thy situation rare,
For thy general aspect fair,
And thy cool and balmy air

Which my shattered health restored,
Better far than all reward
By name, or fame, or golden hoard.

For the rare tranquility,
From riot and disorder free,
Holding reign supreme in thee.

For thy fruits and for thy flowers,
Shady lanes, and walks, and bowers,
Love haunted in the moonlit hours.

By the grace of many a fairy,
By the fair nuns of St. Mary,
Of their sweet smiles not too chary.

By the beauteous pageantry,
Which daily 'twas my wont to see,
Pass the gate of my friend B.

When from out the garden peeping,
Lithe forms might ofttimes be seen creeping
Like startled fawns through woodland sweeping.

'Neath the fence (some bold heart leading)
In haste to pluck (in haste receding)
" Passion Flowers" and " Love Lies Bleeding :"

'Mong the leaves their fingers poking,
Through the tendrils, laughing, joking,
Bright eyes,—red lips,—all so provoking.

The pretty nunnery girls, I mean,
In their progress night and e'en
To the old Church on the green.

A dangerous fair company,
With mirthful face, and witching eye,
Enough the very saints to try.

Costumed in pure virgin white,
With broad blue ribbons all bedight,
And an air coquettish quite.

Ringlets auburn, black or brown,
O'er shoulders white as Alpine Crown,
Flowed in rich luxuriance down.

First, gaily sped the petite dears,
A pretty vanguard ranged in pairs,
Then the belles of riper years.

Those but in embryo, which artless means ;
These full expanded, dignified as Queens
With other signs of being in their teens.

Well versed in all alluring arts,
Quivers filled with store of darts
To transfix as many hearts.

But faith I soon shall lose my sounding,
So my barque I must be rounding,
Or run the risk of speedy grounding.

Syrens! receive my warm adieu,
May each and every one of you
Secure a lord,—kind, warm, and true.

SECOND MEMORY.

Chandernagore! Chandernagore!
Again do I in fancy stand
Upon thy broad and breezy strand
Washed by "Bhagirutta" grand.

And with my host (a very Briton)
Some vacant bench seek for, and sit on
To smoke thy soothing weed, Luzon.

And sagely join in some discussion,
'Bout Frenchman—Greek—Italian—Russian,
Or of the Austrian or Prussian.

To criticise the seven days' war,
Which quickly dimmed the "Hapsburgh" star,
Upon the field of "Sadowa."

To breathe a prayer for suffering "Crete,"
Hopeful that the glorious Greek
Dire vengeance on the Turk might wreak.

To utter an indignant word
On the dastard, coward horde,
Yclept Fenians--Assassins is inferred.

Or into graver converse ran,
Anent the theories of Renan—
Would his books were in "Japan."

E're I had tasted the vile potion,
Which sets the mind in such commotion,
To leave it like a ship on ocean.

Compass gone, and rudderless,
I' faith, the full truth to confess
In an unenviable mess.

The plague of Scotia on them all,
Renan and Bishop of "Natal,"
And the whole tribe "Rational."

This to the sceptic clique refers,
Which falsely and presumptuous dares
To plant new theory of theirs.

'Gainst every preconceived idea,
Brought down from the remotest year,
Which we ever counted dear.

'Mid all such idiotic rant,
'Mid all religious strife and cant,
I hold it best aloof to stand.

It may seem like intolerance,
But rather would I take my chance
In what is called the "Devil's dance."

Some self-created Saint will say—
Brother, hither, come I pray,
This to heaven's the only way.

Another blatantly will roar,
If of salvation you'd be sure,
Refuge take within *my* door.

There only can you know true peace,
And of wisdom gain increase—
I wish the Ass would braying cease

And call out for the " Burgundy,"
" Johannisbergh"—divine " Chablis—"
We then on some points might agree.

Here a sanctimonious swell,
Kindly packs you off pell-mell
On a little trip to hell.

Forsooth, because you cannot see,
Clear way without hypocrisy,
To walk in the same path as he.

Thus they rant, and rave, and roar
A thousand different creeds or more—
Each building up a " Babels" Tower.

Avaunt ! ye self-sufficient crew,
I cannot fraternize with you,
Give me the Pilot good and true.

Whose is not a creed to fear,
Of wrath and vengeance scarce you hear,
But mercy, pity, love sincere.

Give me the meek and humble teacher,
Who of such goodness is the preacher,
Not a bigotted, repulsive creature.

Not one o' the ranting, raving set,
Inflated oft with self-conceit,
Whom 'tis common now to meet.

How invariably 'tis found,
They who make the greatest sound,
In smallest faithfulness abound,

Are not what they would pretend,
But air of sanctity would lend,
Just to suit some selfish end,

Practice not what they profess,
All their dogma 's more or less
Being rotten, crude, and profitless.

Religion, as I apprehend it,
Needs no display to recommend it—
But deep humility to tend it.

Needs no ceremonial right,
But is the simplest teaching quite
A pure and ever radiant light.

Great gift of mercy and of grace,
Dispensed to all the human race
Of every rank in every place.



THIRD MEMORY.

'Twas a still and a lovely night,
Majestic rode the "Queen of Night,"
And countless stars were shining bright.

The waters were splashing on the beach,
Fisher's boats gliding over the "Reach,"
Bats clove the air and Owls did screech.

Over the gardens and groves and bowers,
Zephyrs came laden with perfume of flowers,
Most balmy, calm, and enchanting of hours.

As we extinguished the light of our lamp,
To take our accustomed evening tramp,
Through the tranquil bounds of the Frenchman's camp.*

The Strand was now well nigh deserted,
Belle's and beaus who lately flirted,
And loves supremacy asserted

Had vanished from the pleasing scene,
With looks and feelings most serene,
To dream all sorts of things I ween.

There was one devoted pair
Did such naughty things whilst there,
So the prudish would declare.

Not I,—I think chief source of evil
Is restraint put on the will,
That where a check is comes the Devil.

Where freedom is, there's also wit
And wisdom, with much knowledge lit,
Which power is,—so Lord Bacon hath it.

* Settlement.

These I take it one may safely steer by
Fearless of rocks and breakers—which but lie
Them to wreck who sail unwarily.

But to the story into which we'd run,
'Tis of young Juanna and her love Leone,
I almost wish I'd not begun.

And yet these little incidents
Are but varieties, and some one represents
Life as a compound of such small events.

They sat upon the middle seat,
Their backs right opposite the street,
So absorbed in dalliance sweet

As to all unconscious be,
Of aught beside the beau esprit
Of their own felicity.

The unrepulsed, adventurous hand
Of our Adonis, rapturously spanned
The rich glories of a virgin land.

" Blake" " Drake," " De Gama," " Colon," " Bou-
 gainville"
Discovered regions by their naval skill
For Albion, France, " Lusatia," and " Castile."

Tho' different enterprize was theirs,
The issue not unfrequent bears
Equal delight, as this wise appears.

By private Journal or ship's "Log Book,"
Anent winds, weather, or route they took
Lands found and named,—for instance, look:—

New Isle,—named "Virginalis,"—haven,—one,—
Snug anchorage,—for mooring, better none—
Clean bottom,—land locked;—so we fired a gun

And up a sheltered creek on the Port Quarter
Steered the ship, and to anchor brought her,
Just half way up in nine fathoms water.

But let's to Leone (cause of this digression,)
Who'd found *his* fair Isle, and 'twas our impression
Had landed unopposed, and ta'en possession.

For there was such a tender pressing,
Such a passionate caressing,
With of course such soft confessing

Quite sufficient, so to speak,
To hasten forward doubly quick,
The final, great climacteric.

The complexion of Juanna was not fair,
'Twas a lovely olive,—and her hair
Black as Raven's wing;—her eyes,—Oh! spare.

Comparisons—naught of earth,
For any such comparison is worth,
Of lustrous brilliance, beaming forth.

'Neath long, arched, drooping lashes, —like—what?
Say like etherial lights—yes—why not?
Bright tho' subdued in brightness;—that sort

Which at a glance can fascinate,
And hold in thrall by some great
Controlling force—and one yields—'tis fate.

Her form was one to style delicious,
Plump—round and ripe—with nought fictitious,
And she didn't seem at all capricious.

But rather by her ardent glances
Seemed to court her beau's advances,
What a funny thing love's dance is.

Who 'neath such enticement sleeps?
Not Leone—heavens! he presses those rich lips,
Boldly boarding right amidships.

Some love to sip the red, red wine
From banks of "Moselle" or the sunny "Rhine,"
For it giveth a joy that's half divine.

Some love the luscious, sparkling juice
Which the vineyards of France or Spain produce,
"Champagne," "Xeres" or "Grand Chartreuse"

Of "Hellis!" or the Atlantic Isle;
Alike they charm—alike they beguile,
Making of Earth a Heaven for a while.

Some love to gaze on the young daylight
When Royal "Sol" with effulgence bright,
Kisses each misty mountain height.

When dancing dew-drops glisten like pearls,
And the Rose its delicate petals unfurls,
With blushes like those of rosy-faced girls.

Some love to watch the gurgling rill,
Like liquid silver, descending some hill,
Bounding o'er every obstacle.

On and onward exultantly leaping,
In joyful expectance of speedily keeping
Tryst with the stream thro' the valley sweeping.

Others delight in the song and play,
Of the feathered tribes on pairing-day,
In month of April or merry May.

Tho' their's is speech we can't express,
One may fancy it can be nothing less
Than language of love and happiness.

Thus, it seemeth all things 'neath the sky
Under a moving influence lie,
Which uniteth them harmoniously.

Color with color blendeth aright,
Kind with such kind doth unite,
By a wise arrangement quite.

So Leone—so Juanna—to my vision
Nearer and nearer drew with such decision,
As could but end in amorous collision.

Was there danger for thee fond one ?
No, I answer there was none,
It was clear as is the morning Sun.

If 'twere covert, there might be,
But this was free, as thought is free,
Just as love should ever be.

Why hide love ? 'tis heaven-born !
Why show for love contempt or scorn ?
Who durst venture ? surely none.

Such love as Adam felt for Eve,
By ties which God and nature give,
Such like love should ever live.

Restraining not what's natural,
Ignoring all restriction fell,
That's the love,—to love full well.

Far better than the system made
By modern rule—(mere lawyer's trade)
Oppression—misery—all arrayed.

For instance,—young Alexis loved
And won a maiden fair, by all approved
Save his own Sire, who moved

By selfish aim, or error, straight forbade
An alliance, else by heaven and nature made,
Between his son and the afflicted maid.

This I contend;—discretion once obtained
There should be freedom, freedom unrestrained,
Where a life's bliss is to be lost or gained.

Else, what wonder, hate, crime, strife,
And all deceit, should mark the wretched life
Of myriads legally styled husband,—wife.

Forbid it, I should e'er imply
Indifference to the filial tie,
That were grave and gross iniquity.

But reason teaches, that where love has grown
And serious let or hindrance be not shown,
The issue should be left to God alone.

With true love there is happiness,
With true love follows life's success,
Because such love kind Heaven doth bless.

Forced alliance is a lie
On which tend hate and perjury,
Deceit and infidelity.

True love's a Lily that's arrayed
By purity—no blot, no shade;
Forc'd union is the "Deadly Nightshade."

Again—the parents of the young Clotilde
Ignoring right,—affection,—pity,—willed
Their weeping child to wed with one who filled

Her pure young heart with horror to behold:
Poor victim! bartered,—sacrificed and sold,
For sordid purposes,—power,—rank,—or gold

To a battered profligate—worn out roué,
With manly powers all fallen to decay,
Juncture of January with sunny May.

'Tis clear that matrimonial laws
Have ever been the fruitful cause
Of greater woe than sanguine wars.

No need to enlarge the illustration,
Saddest of every sad narration,
Affecting every rank and station.

Once more, I say, let there be liberty,
From needless durance set the sexes free,
Loyalty in love shall more apparent be.

But, by every saint abroad,
Leone all precedent ignored,
When thus he ran his prize aboard.

Hold! Leone, Leone, fie! relent!
Oh, Gods! why did Ye not prevent
Such precipitate accomplishment?

No longer fiction, but a fact,
No longer theory, but an act,
Let's hope that everything's intact.

"Up helm!" "let fly!" start "tack" and "sheet"
Fly Leon fly! back rash one beat,
While you may—retreat! retreat.

Yet, why affect the "Simon Pure,"
Severely judge—severely censure,
Who likes not a such like adventure?

Love's grapnels held both vessels fast,
With Leone's flag nailed to the mast,
Not a shot in *anger* past.

What a restless thing's the mind,
Not an instance will you find
Where it could ever be confined.

The tongue, one really *cannot* blame,
The *mind* it is that stirs the flame,—
Tongue's but the herald to proclaim.

A far more restless thing the hand is,
Ever lost to all command is,
Till it finds out where the land is.

Leone's for instance, boldly fell
Upon a snow-white pinnacle—
But where else he best can tell.

A cloud had overspread the sky,
Dooming the voluptuous* Moon to lie
In opportune obscurity.

Fit hour for amorous enterprize,
Or tender commerce—which 'tis wise
To hide from the world's searching eyes.

Let's hope, though, quite apart from joking,
Leone made no mistake so shocking,
As to stray beyond the stocking.

Not that there's harm in any sense,
If confined to innocence,
'Tis not unnatural—and hence

So long as male and female races
Retain the passions and the graces,
Man will ever like soft places.

* In mythology, "Dian," the Moon, under the name of Phœbe, is described as having been so captivated by the beauty of "Endymion," as he lay asleep in a grotto on Mount "Latmus," that she descended nightly to visit him, and had fifty daughters by him, and a son called Ætolus. "Endymion" was a shepherd of "Caria" and a grandson of Jupiter. He had been admitted into heaven, but, displeasing Juno, was banished and condemned to perpetual sleep—but free from the encroachment of age, or the approach of death.

Let's weigh the subject in mood pensive,
Is there aught that's reprehensive ?
I own—I cannot so believe.

But think, without least hesitation,
No let or hindrance should occasion
Bar to intimate relation.

Who, on reflection, can deny
The chief of social misery
Fruit is of captivity.

Severe durance—close seclusion,
And cramped—false teaching, have undone
In the end full many a one.

" Duennas " are the Devil's sisters,
Social pests and moral blisters,
Shadows on life's brightest vistas.

'Tis restraint begets desire,
Which mounts up higher still and higher,
Then like to subterranean fire,

Bursts forth, bars and bounds defying,
All the sobbing—crying—sighing,
Extinguish can't—'twere useless trying.

There's too much art—too little nature,
False style—false fame—false nomenclature,
Of vanities the vainest, saith the preacher.

Let's have glorious liberty,
Far less deceit and guile there 'll be,
And less of rank hypocrisy.

Oh ! happy love, where there is confidence,
Reliance each in other ;—no offence
To marr the blest inheritance.

But I could not stay, lest I
Should 'neath some such stigma lie,
As " Peeping Tom of Coventry."

Still, 'tis difficult one's eyes to shut
Temptation thus so plainly put
Within the range of vision—but

If I've been two quizzical,
And to do penance is essential,
Believe me I'll be penitential.

A word of caution—then I've done,
To Juanna and Leone,
And to lovers every one.

Blissful moments would you guard,
From curious eye or sland'rous word,
Choose not a " Public Promenade."

Now we really must retreat,
So fair good night, and visions sweet
I pray you one and all may meet.

ADIEU ! "AU REVOIR."

Hasn't this been a strange description
I assure you, though, 'tis free from fiction,
And only hope you like the diction—

If not, all that I can say,
I'm sorry for it—and do pray
You'll accord me one thing—some fair play.

'Tis written just as I'd relate
In friendly gossip—passing chit-chat,
So call it folly, madness, all that

May please you;—what I thought,—think,—saw,
Has recorded been, and nothing more,—
Each thought suggestive pressing to the fore.

Adieu! adieu! farewell! farewell!
"Trio" most inseparable,
And to every other belle.

(The "Trio" were three sisters sweet
One could never fail to meet
At early morn or day's retreat).

To draw 'tween them and others a distinctive line,
Though not of "Eurynomé" by the "God Divine,"
We named them "Aglaia,"—"Thalia,"—"Euphrosyne."

Since by their marked inseparability,
Imagination could not fail to see
Semblance in this wise to the sacred "three."

Sure the men are petrified
To let so many fair ones bide
In all the blush of maidentide.

Oh! for great Jove's art and power,
They should not languish thus much more,
But each receive the "golden* shower."

There's the mail train sure as fate,
Time to cease this pleasing prate,
Who'd have thought it was so late.

So, though I've breathed the word before,
Receive my warm adieu once more,
Sweet Chandernagore,—*dear* Chandernagore.

* Jupiter being enamoured of the beautiful Danae, daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, introduced himself to her by night in the shape of a shower of gold, and had a son, Perseus, by her.

ITALY.

Hark ! the clarion from afar
Sounds the direful notes of war,
And the tocsins dismal tongue
From every watch tower is outrung ;
Belted warriors hasten by
In all their martial panoply,
For freedom's cause they stake their life
In the impending bloody strife—
Death to Austria is the cry,
Gain we liberty, or die
For our beloved Italy.
Onward thro' the trelissed vines,
Onward o'er the Appenines,
Across the "Arno" and the "Po,"
And the oft-reddened "Mincio,"
Brave hearts are hastening to swell
The ranks of King Immanuel—
Gallant—gallant—monarch he,
Sun of modern chivalry,
Honor to his high estate,
Immanuel—the Good and Great;
And from his rock-bound island home
The hero of the age has come—
Cincinnatus of the time;
True patriot by his deeds sublime,
His brave resolve and noble aim—
Italian's freedom to proclaim,

Establishment from sea to sea,
Of one, united Italy.
Already hath he o'er the main,
Snapped the despot's galling chain,
And his heroic, gallant band,
To victory led on every hand,
Shouts of gladness rend the sky,
O'er the rich plains of Sicily,
With "viva! viva! Garibaldi!"
There's an exultant cry on every hand,
One name named throughout the land;
One image on every heart impressed,
One memory treasured in every breast;
One name uttered by every tongue,
One song in joyous cadence sung
Every moment by old or young.
Idol of young Italy—
Garibaldi! Garibaldi!
A mighty cry—a nation's heart-cry
Outburst of sympathy,
Viva! viva! Garibaldi!

On! on! tyrants do tremble,
Haste! haste! from all sides assemble:
Where is the soul-less one who now slumbers;
Join—join—and strengthen your numbers—
Let each be a Masaniello or Bolivar
For this before Heaven, is a just and a holy war:
Bury all feuds—and banish all jealousies,
Be wisely united and gain the world's sympathies,

Let this be the feeling—not only the song
Bound to each heart as sung by each tongue,
Feeling which none may dare to decry,
Fraternite—unite—Italy.
March, Garibaldini! men amongst men,
Put on your famous red Jackets again;
March! march! sure glory's before you,
March! the loveliest of women adore you—
Bless you, and bless too the mothers who bore you.
Re-sling your rifles and sharpen your sabres,
Haste! for the good cause redouble your labors—
Your banners unfold ye—by angels designed,
Raise them aloft—that they float on the wind;
With one mighty shout let the welkin ring out—
Down, down with the Bourbons and Austrians together,
King! country and freedom, for ever! for ever!
Mount! mount! Dragoons and Chasseurs,
Spring to your saddles ye flower of Piedmont;
Mount! mount! Lancers and Hussars,
Let your deeds be the theme of story and song;
Mount! mount! ye brave Carabineers,
Your steeds are champing their bits with impatience,
For your wives and your little ones banish all fears,
Leave them to Heaven—your time is the nations,
Look to your sabres, and carbines, and lances,
Heed ye not tears, entreaties, and sighs,
Break ye away from soft arms and fond glances,
Your heart and your soul are your king's and your
country's;
Haste to the front, and with laurels return you,
Or true wives and sweethearts will scoff at and spurn you:

Gallop ! gallop ! cannoniers—spur ! spur ! your horses—
Hurry on your batteries —to glory your course is :
Form ! form, Bersaglieri—rifles to the fore,
Prove again the gallantry you at Tchernaya bore ;
Sound ! sound your bugles ! beat ! beat your drums,
Troop ! troop your forces—your gallant Chieftain comes,
The vet'ran warrior Marmora, and with him your good king,
And glorious Garibaldi with his bravo gathering.
Sound ! sound your bugles, and droop your standards low
In honor to their high estate—then to the battle go
And hurl the thunderbolts of war against the dastard foe ;
Plant your sacred standards in the thickest of the fight,
Shout, "death to the usurpers, and God defend the right,"
Never again for friend or foe those sacred emblems lower,
Till your beloved Italy is free from shore to shore.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

Tread softly—this is sacred ground,
Beneath the melancholy shade*
A queenly woman her last refuge found;
Here by stranger hands was laid,
By cruel—dire necessity,
She whose name will never die,—
The noblest among women,
Pride of the best of men,
Child of nature to the life,
Annitta—Garibaldi's wife.
Oh! glorious, long enduring Chief
Let us share thy grief of grief
Thy faithful one to mourn—
So true—so faithful—none:
Annitta! thy bright guiding Star
Alike in peace or glorious war:
Annitta! who in distant land
Strength was to thy strong right hand:
Annitta, who when fortune smiled
Thy hours with tend'rest love beguiled
Who, when fortune adverse frowned,
Faithful—faithful still was found;
Soul of thy patriot band,
Hope of a suffering land;

* Buried hurriedly in the woods near Ravenna, after Garibaldi's heroic defence of, and retreat from, Rome.

Brightest star by night or day
In Italia's galaxy ;
Who, when hope's barque was tempest tossed,
And Rome by foulest treachery fell,
With thee the Appeninus crossed,
'Mid sufferings she alone could tell,
Surrounded by the insatiate foe,
Compelled to yield San Marino;
Last refuge of the heroic few,
Who, when thy squadrons broke and fled,
More loyal to their Chieftain grew,
Till like brave hearts, they perished
At such a time—Oh ! man of men
What did thy loved Annitta then ?
When saids't thou for her own dear sake
" With us dear life ! no further go
" But stay within San Marino—
" Refuge—rest—and safety take :"
" My Chieftain" ! said she, " no—oh ! no—
" To thee I cling, whate'er betide
" Less worthy is thy Annitta now ;
" Is fear imprinted on her brow
" That thou should'st spurn her from thy side ?
" Less worthy dearest spouse ! am I,
" Than when I perils shared with thee ;
" Less willing now for thee to die,
" Than beyond the Western Sea ?
" Dost thou love me now the less,
" Have I outlived my faithfulness ?
" My steed ! my steed ! with my last breath
" I mount, and follow unto death :"

" I go my accustomed place to keep
" In the advance at thy right hand ;
" I go, whatever dangers sweep
" Around our leal, immortal band ;
" Of dangers such my part to bear,
" E'en if certain death be nigh,
" For our brave sons and thee to care—
" And should you fall, with you to die."
Thus spoke this noble woman, and so,
With Spartan courage, fearless to the end,
Sustained a heroine's part, and did forego
Each need, and every thought of self, to tend
And 'suage the sufferings of the brave,
Brave hearts, who to the good cause clung:
To them her every care she gave
E'en heedless of her life, which hung
She little knew upon how frail a cord ;
But like the desert bird, to save its young,
Its own breast tears, prompt succour to afford ;
Self-immolating, she her all did give
Her scanty store—her aid—her sympathy
That sorely spent, the wounded ones might live,
And that the dying haply might not die.
Day by day did this undaunted band
Push boldly forward to Venetia's sea,
Their aim to cross the gulf, and land
Within the Queen of Cities—but a decree
Had ruthlessly pronounced a different fate ;
Like savage bloodhounds, came in hot pursuit
Hordes of hireling ruffians breathing hate,
Sclaves—galley slaves—and Croats--branch and root

Of Austria's battalions to employ
Their fiendish arts, and whelming force to steal
A nation's rights—a nation's liberty.

The scene is changed—not yet had dawned the day
For freedom's sun to rise on Italy;
The patriots in open council met,
God their umpire—skies their canopy:
"Italians! said their noble chief,
"My thanks I give you for your service leal,
"Your faithfulness untiring: great my grief—
"A sentiment you equally will feel,
"That adverse fate disastrous should arrest
"The dearest aim of every loyal heart;
"But the Great Ruler of events knows best
"'Twere vain, as sinful 'gainst his sovereign will,
"Further to use our futile strength or skill,
"The hour has come my friends for us to part,
"The time has not yet fallen our cause to serve,
"Further efforts were but profitless:
"Disperse you then, my Sons! and safety seek,
"May heaven watch o'er you and your fortunes bless;
"Rest you well assured this low'ring cloud
"Will not for ever darken freedom's sky,
"'Tis but a flimsy unsubstantial shroud,
"Through which the sun of liberty
"Will ere long burst with all its glorious power:
"Go then, my Sons! in fullest hope abide,
"Prepared to bring with you a loyal dower
"Well worthy an Imperial bride—
"Rejuvinated Italy, allied

"To her long pined for consort—Liberty :
"Till then, farewell ! time presses—we must away—
"But be ye ready for the well-known call;
"Until that happy and propitious day,
"May heaven protect you and God bless you all."

The scene is changed—within a little barque
Propelled by willing hands and loyal hearts
A dying one is laid :—'tis night, and pitchy dark
The vessel o'er the water swiftly darts;
Every nerve is strained, for as the sands of time
Run swiftly out, the precious life
Of their beloved one ebbeth fast;
It is Annitta—heroine—mother—wife—
Her breath is labored, and her eyes how dim,
Yet in lack lustre still are fondly bent
Towards the sad browed helmsman—upon him
On him for whose dear sake,
In the devoted fondness of her heart,
She did so long unwearyingly take
A noble course—a most exalted part :
Undaunted woman ! honor to thy sex !
Immortal shall thy sacred memory be,
Ever the mirror and the clear reflex
Type of true nobility—
Sorrow of sorrows, woe of woe,
On *thee* the stroke hath fallen—death ;
Thy cheek hath blanched, hath paled *thy* queenly brow,
Blighting with his withering breath,
The rarest flower 'neath our azure sky,
The martyred friend of Italy—

Oh Moon! oh Stars! your light for once forbear!
Ye restless winds! for once propitious blow!
Oh pity—mercy—take beneath your care
This precious charge. Oh hate! thy rage forego:
Stoop to your oars, row, patriot brothers, row.
Efforts how vain—quick following a report
Suspicious prows came looming through the haze
Like bloodhounds with their savage instinct fraught,
The Austrian slaves loud cries of triumph raise,
And soon the affrighted air is set ablaze
With sulphrous flames, and incandescent flashes,
Ball after ball around the frail barque splashes,
As hissing through the air, they one by one
Are belched from cannonade and rifled gun;
Then came imperious summons to surrender—
"No!" said the Chieftain—"rather be our grave
"With unscathed honor 'neath the briny wave,"
And quickly wore around his sinking barque
In desperate strait, at every risk to send her
Through raging breakers to the neighbouring strand,
Hoping by heavens aid, ere yet 'twas dark,
The foe to baffle and to safely land
At Ravenna, now abreast their lea,
Where his beloved one might at least receive,
From further danger and exposure free,
The care he *would*—but which he *could* not give:
Futile the aim, plunging o'er each wave
The Austrian galleys press upon their wake,
One only way remains themselves to save,
That last resource they promptly, bravely take,
Hesitation would have sealed their fate.

Soon as the hostile vessels reached their side,
They fearless sprang into the surging tide;
Now sought the depths, now to the surface rose,
The better to mislead their baffled foes;
The dauntless Chieftain with an anxious air,
Raises his dying wife with tenderest care,
Kisses her fevered brow and pallid cheek,
Puts her wasted arms around his neck,
Her head upon his broad, strong shoulder places,
With his left arm her waist he interlaces;
Then o'er the bulwark with his precious load
He leaps within the tempest riven flood,
The wild receding seas he nobly breasts,
Dashing aside their spray-lashed foamy crests,
Nor looketh back, nor in his effort rests,
His ruling thought magnanimous as brave,
If human skill availeth her to save,
So long the joy and solace of his life,
His good Annitta—fond and faithful wife.
Oh, glorious Chieftain! God-like man of men,
What his feelings, what his anguish, when
By a huge billow cast upon the strand,
He straight uprose, and like a God did stand,
And held within his strong protecting arms
His wife, and gazed upon her faded charms,
Swept from her marble brow with gentlest care
The dripping tresses of her jet black hair;
Caught the last loving, lingering glance which fell
From those dimmed eyes, which never more would tell
The tale of changeless love and truth,
Her woman's heart had nurtured from her youth;

Such love as nothing upon earth could sever,
Those loving eyes, now closed alas for ever;
What his thoughts to catch the last expression
From her wan lips—the dying, faint confession
Of love commingling with her failing breath,
Love cherished for him, e'en in hour of death,
The faintly whispered words, "Dear love adieu,"
"As I have lived, I so do die for you."
No more—her pain was o'er; with prospect opening bright,
Her soul unto the spirit world took instantaneous flight.
The Chieftain paused a moment;
No tear bedewed his eye,
Or coursed adown his cheek,
But his heart with agony was rent,
Of grief which cannot die—
Of which no tongue can speak;
'Twere tears alone could give relief
To such absorbing bitter grief:
At length he looked upon the sun,
Which faintly tinged the East,
And said, Oh God! Thy will be done—
Thou knowest what is best;
Then with rapid steps he fled,
Through the forestial glade,
Bearing his beloved dead,
Into the deepest shade;
The Austrians in eager haste,
On every hand were drawing nigh;
A price upon his head was placed,
To move the vile cupidity

Of wretches, who for sordid gold
E'en kith and kindred would have sold :
Amid the deep recesses of the wood,
The lonely homestead of a ranger stood ;
This reached, he hailed the inmates, and implored
Refuge and succour in the name of God :
" Hence—hence—proscribed one! " was the harsh reply.
" Get thee gone, and meet thy destiny,
" What art *thou*, and what is *thine* to me ?
" 'Twould be my certain ruin to succour thee ;
" Thy prayer forbear—to other refuge fly,
" Bring not trouble upon me and mine,
" E'en to denounce thee I do half incline."
Thus did this soulless man with heart of steel,
Reject the suffering Chieftain's warm appeal ;
So true it is when fortune adverse rules,
Good men by calculating knaves and fools
Are forced to yield to ignominious rules ;
Let fortune smile they bow the craven knee,
And stoop with like facility
To the vile arts of flattery :
Base born natures ! hide yourselves for shame,
Oh, Truth ! Oh, Honor ! sing with loud acclaim
Their praises, who with every shock
Remain immoveable as pristine rock ;
Whether storms or calms pervade the sky,
In every phase preserve unchangeably
The attributes of true nobility :
But hark! a sweet expostulating voice is heard,
'Tis woman's ! with her winning silvery tongue—
Woman ! who never yet could be deterred

From deed of love, whatever danger hung
Upon the doing—Woman! who but feels
The need for succour to be given,
At once her tenderness reveals
Leaving the issue to the will of Heaven—
Woman! who through all revolving time
Has displayed her attributes sublime;
Could *she* then, in his hour of need and danger,
Stand unmoved by to see this noble stranger
Forth driven, with his dead wife 'prest
So closly to his faithful breast,
And she a wife—herself a loving mother?
Oh, no! man might his better feelings smother;
But she to assuage a hapless hero's woes,
Her woman's strength of will would interpose;
And thus she spoke unto her list'ning spouse:—
"For the Blessed Virgin's sake,
"By all the Saints whom you invoke,
"By words you at the altar spoke,
"Your words re-call and pity take,
"If you would salvation gain,
"If you fear 'gainst God to sin,
"Your reputation do not stain,
"But let the noble stranger in;
"This proof, and token at your hand,
"Of love for me must now be given,
"Your acquiescence I command,
"As you place your hopes in heaven:"
Her word prevailed—as woman's ever did
When on good and holy purpose led,
The bolts were drawn, the open door gave place

To a true noble of the human race;
Calm his bearing, dignified his mien,
And tho' in justice he might well reproach,
Not a frown upon his brow was seen,
Nor semblance of it did encroach,
But courteously, tho' grave and very sad,
He gave his greeting, then approached and laid
Gently, carefully, upon the humble couch,
The dear remains of her whose soul had fled;
Then with persuasive, winning tone he said,
Pointing to her in breathless silence laid,
" My friends! if ever Angel sent from God,
" This world of tribulation trod
" To smooth the rough and thorny path of life,
" 'Twas she—my faithful, and devoted wife:
" My Annitta! 'tis now I bear the cross,
" 'Tis now I feel (irreparably) my loss:
" Must I leave thee, dearest, and deny
" Myself the solace thy loved form to lie
" Within the grave? alas! 'tis even so,
" This instant (peaceful sleeper) must I go:
" Hear'st thou Annitta mea! dost thou know
" Who ling'ring stands heart-broken at thy side?
" Oh! speak to me! my love! my life! my bride:
" Wilt thou not ope thy beauteous eyes once more?
" Wilt thou not my name pronounce again,
" By the affection which for thee I bore?
" Thou surely can'st not, e'en in death refrain,
" Annitta! Annitta! Oh! Annitta mea!
" Dost thou not thy Garibaldi hear?
" Wilt thou not, even for *my* sake

"A moment from thy deep, deep slumber wake ?
"Ah me ! how unavailing the appeal,
"Those rayless orbs for ever 'neath a seal,
"By will of Heaven—'tis death's unfailing token,
"A lasting seal, which never can be broken :
"I must away—alas ! I cannot stay,
"Even the last, sad duty to perform,
"Thy dear remains in the cold earth to lay ;
"A moment may involve me in the storm,
"Portentous gathering o'er my head,
"Oh! Heaven be thou with my beloved dead ;
"And you, my friends, may I implore you,
"By the mothers who in anguish bore you,
"By the love those tender mothers cherished,
"Love which never faltered, never perished
"By that mercy you would fain receive,
"When required the last account to give,
"By every virtue, holy, pure and tender,
"Your present pity and compassion render
This sacred service, in my hour of need,
At your hands I crave—'twill be a deed
For which a pitying and all-seeing God
Himself will give the bounteous reward,
Lay then those dear remains beneath the sod,
The Angels will your kindly labors guard,
Nor Austrian hate, nor Austrian vengeance dread ;
For tho' upon the living and the dead
Their fiendish arts take indiscriminate aim,
Yet the dread of Garibaldi's name,
Of Garibaldi's anger, will prevent
Restraint on you upon a good deed bent :

Adieu ! take me to your hearts as friend and brother,
Adieu ! be true to me and one another:
Adieu ! but not for ever—watch and pray
For that approaching great and glorious day,
Which soon shall be proclaimed from sea to sea,
A re-united—prosperous Italy :
Then will I amply gratefully reward,
Till such time I commend you unto God :
He went ; and they his loved Annitta laid
In her last home—beneath the forest shade.

THE CHARACTER, TRIAL, DEFENCE OF AND JUDGMENT UPON WOMAN.

Woman! thou art fair, but fickle,
Capricious ever as the wind;
Thou art full of grace and beauty,
Yet hast a most perplexing mind.

Woman! thou art soft as zephyr,
Yet aye' as chilling as the blast;
Now thou charmest like a sunbeam,
Now thou frownest,—and 'tis past.

Woman! thou art full of gladness,
And thou maks't of Earth a Heaven;
When like a flash thy spirit changeth,
Scattering all the rapture given.

Woman! thou hast tend'rest passions,
Passions which are past revealing;
Yet oft the faithful heart thou woundest—
The heart thine own was bent on stealing.

Woman! thou art ofttimes piteous,
But how relentless in thy ire;
Then mercy—justice—every virtue
Fall sacrifice unto thy fire.

Woman! thou art most bewitching,
Power hast thou to sway the will;
By thy words, and smiles, and glances,
'Tis thine to work or good or ill.

Every age these truths hath proven,
Full traced by histrionic lore ;
From Earths' creation, most primeval,
From then till now each truth stands sure.

Proceed we now to fix a balance,
To draw a just and equal line ;
We will bring thee unto judgment,
'Gainst or for this reign of thine

Guide us, oh ! ye powers propitious,
That we observe impartial laws ;
This is no *mean* litigation—
Fair fame of Woman is the cause.

THE CHARGE.

Daughter of Eve 'twere needless to recount
Each charge and countercharge, this the sum,
That thou hast influence all paramount

On poor misguided man,
To work thy every plan,

Either to make or mar his peace—
Speak, then ! what sayest thou to this ?

THE DEFENCE.

Most sapient Lords ! since seemeth it I may
In simple speech essay I now my say:—
I am the daughter of my mother,
As she is also of another ;
And so, and so on as 'tis said,
My lineage had a *Fountain Head*,

As sages bid us to believe,
No other 'twas than beautious Eve.
To question this, and count it a mere fable,
Nor willing am I, neither very able;
Though of the tale of interdicted fruit,
As also of the hideous serpent-brute,
'Tis *but* a tale; a most absurd one too,
At least I think so;—what think you?
And like some other tales, not over nice,
I would *cur*—tail it in a trice;
If 'twere a pretty tale—a tale well meant,
Why then one might complacently relent
With not a criticism greet it,
And rather welcome, than ill-treat it;
But this tale on the snake 'i the grass,
Is *far* from *pretty*—so says every lass;
And would secrete it, in some secret cavity
Well secured,—without regret or gravity;
I've reference made to this far-fetched relation,
Because you see, from veriest creation,
Our sex (the weaker one) was made the scape-goat—
Indeed 'tis said poor Eve capsized the *boat*;
Some cram this down their gaping maw
As literal—I count it metaphor;
But to arrest this little retrogression,
And to the point at issue, in this Session—
Question regarding Woman's Rights and Power,
(Bequeathed to her as specially her dower);
To her has been abscribed, or so I read it,
Some few scant virtues, and some deeds of merit;
But as to eclipse this wonderful admission

She is traduced beyond all rhyme and reason,
Accused of battery, assault, and treason,
Of wicked wile, and every sort of guile,
And other things, all marshalled rank and file;
I 'faith ye peers and magnates of creation,
The budget much exalts your rank and station;
Want ye that woman, abject as a slave,
Should tamely yield, to each pretentious knave,
The noblest gifts of Heaven, sell or hide,
And listless drift upon life's treacherous tide,
No idea cherish, develop no high plan,
But live alone subservient to man?
Think ye that woman, as in days of old,
Can now so readily be bought aud sold;
Can be transferred to any fool or brute,
Some selfish aim to effect,—or base intent to suit:
Her feelings unconsulted or despised,
Her bosom pierced,—her warm heart sacrificed;
Banish the thought,—let every manly breast,
Champion and friend of woman, stand confessed,
Fitting honor yield where justly due,
Her 'twill exalt, and credit give to you.
Another point we now must touch on,
Before our task can be completely done—
The assertion, woman has for good or evil
Influence to lead ye from or to the Devil.
Oh, strong and dauntless, do ye thus confess
Yourselves irresolute and powerless?
Then yield ye—your pre-eminence no longer
May guaranteed remain,—since we are stronger.
Setting aside the act of leading from

'Bout which ye scarcely could complaining come,
It seemeth passing strange that *one* of you
Should be so easy tempted and led to
The Devil,—and by *woman* ;—surely you are dreaming:
Go, clear your faculties, come more beseeming
Your high estate—not with a parrots prate,
Let's have some little sense at any rate;
'Tis past belief, that any good and true man
Would e'er traduce the character of woman;
Some monstrous and mis-shapen creature might,
Such as a natural, or hermaphrodite;
But to proceed once more, and quickly close
This theme too wearisome it grows:—
The good for which you fain would give us credit
Recount we not— nature conceived and shed it;
But of the evil which has been averred,
In name of justice claim we to be heard.
What would ye? without labor, risk, or toil,
Gain full possession of some precious spoil,
Which erst secure had lain beneath the soil;
Want ye to view an ever radiant scene,
Without a shadowing cloud to intervene;
Calm without storm, a waveless ocean main,
Success without check, pleasure without pain;—
Futile such aims; as well might you aspire
To stay the fury of volcanic fire.
Arrest the whirlwind,—quench the lightnings flash,
Or quell the thunder in its deafening crash.
And thus is shewn the duty to concede
The point to which these various questions lead;

That strife with Peace cannot consorted be,
The one is devilish—other heavenly;
That vice 'gainst virtue ever is arrayed,
Alike the foe of every man and maid;
Which evils, *now*, as o'er the flood,
Insidious seek to frustrate every good;
What wonder then, since man oft prostrate lies,
If weaker woman yield an easier prize;
'Tis man's to counsel, man's to intervene
Boldly 'tween her and danger step between;
'Tis man's to guard his own, and woman's weal,
To meet each danger, and with courage leal
Oppose all threatening ills with heart of steel:
Nor longer with such lack of reason say
That woman's influence ever did, or may
Lead you from path of rectitude astray;
If consciousness of faults your heart has rent,
Yourselves the cause were and the instrument;
Have ye not judgment, and free will, and reason,
Who then may wrong you,—nurse you not self-treason;
Assert I boldly that our sex at large,
None can with justice or with truth disparage—
But as 'mongst many gems, may hap some flaw is,
The same result with womankind the law is;
And with man too in number multiplied,
Apart from prejudice this cannot be denied;
Who from a mine of pure gems takes the spurious,
Himself to blame is—being self-injurious;
So to his hurt who yields to some false woman,
Himself is counterfeit and not a true man—

Enough! enough! here fittingly we pause,
Leaving with fullest confidence our cause
To sense of justice—and dear nature's laws.

DECREE.

Charges unproven being, and unsound,
Verdict for defendant must be found;
To Matrons—Maids—and Misses
Be it known, the Court dismisses
This suit; sole costs—some kisses.

ORDERED THAT—

On plaintiffs—Court's censure be passed,
With costs on scale 1: they must be cast
And cautioned to bring no such litigation
In flimsy plaint without substantiation.

STROLLS ABOUT CALCUTTA.

THE "EDEN PARK" (EVENING).

Is there a spot in the City of Palaces,
(City of blunders and seat of all fallacies)
Which in point of attraction folks are agreed on,
'Tis that pretty retreat called Garden of "Eden:"
One scarce can say beautiful, yet—for you know
It really is not so, being but in embryo,
Tho' 'tis expanding and growing apace,
Bidding fair to *become* a *most* beautiful place;
A mere maiden now, undeveloped in bosom,
Anen't will a maid be in fulness of blossom;
Till then, if you please, we'll fain call it *pretty*—
The Justices pet, and the pride of the City.
There when the fury of Phœbus is spent,
And ennui and toil to the D... l are sent,
By one impulse led the whole world repair
To chat and to laugh, and inhale the cool air,
Leaving life's wearisome burdens behind,
Joyfully casting all care to the wind,
For awhile 'mid the flowers, and bowers, and trees,
To experience the bliss of feeling at ease;
And greet lovely woman, (who does not adore her)
In beauty outvying the beauties of "Flora."
Here the Graces of England and France may be met :-
Italian, German, and Indian brunette,

Armenian, Jewish, Spanish and Greek,
With some from the New World, and some from Afrique :
Matron, maiden, ancient, and young,
Charms in their faces, charms on their tongue,
Their souls in the thrilling, magical glance
Of eyes which the coldest of Nature's entrance,
'Neath which many a rover, his barque widely steering
Has furled every sail—being brought to his bearing.
Next to the ladies, the second attraction
Yields purest delight, and much satisfaction,
Attained if you make a delay at the " stand "
Enraptured to list' to the " Garrison Band "
Sweet sounds discoursing, conveyed thro' the sky
In heart thrilling gushes of glorious melody ;
I believe the dustoor is, as far as I learn,
For the " Fort " and the " Town " Bands to each bear their turn ;
And here, let me plead, dear " Pub, " if you please—
Do pray give your " Town " Band a few more rupees,
That they may a little more feel at their ease ;
But I'm not out begging just now—so wont stop,
What say you to step to the " G. E. Hotel " shop,
And take just a glass of iced water or " Pop ;"
Once I remember, in good times gone by,
One might call for his " peg " of iced brandy pawnee—
Then Spence's retreat was in vogue and *au fait* ;
But some one I fancy stepped over the " half way "
With rather too much of what's called demonstration,
Or like Jack and Jill lost all gravitation,
And our wise, faithful mentors (bless 'em I say)
By a mandate removed the temptation away ;

So since "Cognac" and "Simkin" have both been disrated—
'Tis walk up ! my boys, and drink aerated.
But let's stroll around this fairy-like ground,
To peep at attractions which fairly abound,
'Mid the feathery palms and clumps of young fir trees
Whose leaves coquet with the evening breeze :—
From every point view—(by the powers that's a great go)
I own I admire some ones taste ; do not you ?
We've actually got a Serpentine river too—
But whist ! how forgetful one gets—(well, well),
How were it Eden if wanting its "Hiddekel ?"
A pretty design—so let's praise the designer,
Sure no other idea could well have been finer ;
'Tween shrub-crowned hillocks, and grassy slopes led,
Meandering it flows like a silvery thread,
Looking graceful and pretty, and not to run frantic,
Apart from romancing, 'tis really romantic.
Then if the perception be not too obtuse
One sees 'tis not merely for beauty but use ;
For as I essayed to walk that way yesterday
Just at the close of a grilling hot day,
Humming an air a la " Yankee Doodle,"
I saw from a bridge, a " Gent " washing his Poodle :
Thought I, " my dear fellow, your'e all up a tree,"
And to see curly Frenchy, how frisky—'twas frisky,
Capering and barking all wild with delight—
Picture-creating 'twas good for the sight ;
And groups of sweet ~~brains~~, out with Ma and P~~paa,~~
Their little hands clap't, and laughed with loud ha ! ha !
With kupra so thin, pretty Ayahs joined in,

With their " dek ! dekho Baba, and wah ! wah !"
And I, with a heart o'er flowing with happiness,
Seeing much to admire about the whole place,
Nature and man alike, with a smiling face,
Best of good wishes expressed for the Justices,
Long life, more power —may their shadows ne'er grow less.

THE FISHES OF CHINA.

[Whoever has visited the land of Confucius, and strayed at early morn through the market places, cannot fail to have been impressed and interested by the infinite variety, strange shapes, and beautiful colors of the finny tribes peculiar to Chinese waters—vast quantities of which may be seen alive, disporting themselves in tanks and cisterns as in their native element.]

Fishes that leap,
Fishes that fly,
Fishes too fat
To venture high;
Fishes with swords
That fight with ships,
Fishes with saws
Like other "chips"—
Angel Fishes, Devil Fishes,
Promiscuously crowd your dishes;
Fishes that in ambush lie,
Charged with electricity;
Fishes with beards,
Fishes with bills,
Fishes with bristles,
Fishes with quills,
Fishes with wings,
Fishes with arms,
Fishes with stings,
Fishes with charms—
Fishes with a hundred eyes,
And as many hues and dyes;
Fishes that bark,

Fishes that sing,
Fishes that crawl,
Fishes that cling;
But amid this strange fry,
With queer little eye,
And in costume so spry.,
Puzzling prate,
And manner so antiquate,
Tail all depending
To heels nigh descending,
Flat little nose
That to his face close grows,
Looks graver than gravity—
You "savee me"—"savee me,"
"No takee me in,
"Me makee tchin tchin."
With his "plenty good pigeon,"
And Spanish "chop" dollar,
He'd take any Jew in,
And beat him quite hollow.
To bother his life,
He's a queer little wife,
Not to be laughed at
By any means—or chaffed at,
For ofttimes I
(It is spoken in secrecy)
Have been in her company;
And 'tis very well known
She's sweet ways of her own
When alone—alone.
She's not very tall

One might say small,
Not quite (to my looking)
Four feet in her stocking;
But I 've somewhere read,
And heard it said,
Quite true I'll be bound
And argument sound,
The most precious things,
Such as womans belongings,
Are in small parcels found.
There's one little plan,
Oh! cunning John Chinaman,
To keep your women
From gadding and sinnin,
Which mayhap 'twere best
To adopt in the West,
To stray from home far,
Those queer little feet are,
Sure hindrance and bar:
Though she rouges her cheek,
And dresses her hair
A'la antiquate Greek,
And sets her eyes apeak,
You may think it unfair,
But 'tis truth I declare
'Bout loose thoughts, 'tis no go
To perplex herself so,
Useless to bother her noddle,
When she can't toddle—can't toddle
So to flirt she's unable,
Unless 'neath the house gable

(You fast asleep)
Some lover may creep ;
But this I know little about;
'Tis a secret hard to find out,
This I do know,
If you caught her so,
You'd give her some chow chow:
But this ditty to sum up,
'Tis sure no bad come up
To think it quite clear,
'Midst fishes so queer—
Big fishes or small,
John Chinaman's self
Is the queerest of all:
If this my strange story
Of fishes you doubt,
Take a trip to China,
Yourselves fish it out.

SECRETS OF THE BOUDOIR.

The Confession.

Mary.

" What ails my sister fair ;
Why this abstracted air
These downcast eyes,
The frequent sighs,
The melancholy look,
Just like a dying duck ?
Oh, dear me !
What can the matter be ?

Maud.

Hold, madcap ! prythee stay thy clatter,
And I'll tell thee what's the matter.

Mary.

Yes, dearest Maud, I'll cease my din,
If you will at once begin.

Maud.

I'm in bondage Mary,
A captive unto love,
For all I was so wary,
And for dear freedom strove ;
Yet that laughing, rogueish boy,
Who so many maidens fair

Doth with cunning wiles decoy,
At length entrapped me in his snare ;
And when I was all helpless caught,
Remorselessly discharged a dart
Into my poor bleading heart—
Alas ! for me, so unreflecting,
As to let the imp draw near
And to pour (I unsuspecting)
His flatt'ring tale into my ear ;
The saucy elf, ah ! woe is me,
(Although I really answered, no !
Or thought I did, but now I see
I had forgotten to do so ;
I felt so powerless and spell bound—
The saucy elf (I was about to say,)
So sudden threw his arms around,
As for the moment took my ~~away~~ breath,
With, oh ! such an undreamt of sort of kiss,
And the ingrate wounded me again ;
Yet, in strictness, I must fain confess,
'Twas not a very, very, grievous pain,
Only an unlooked for sort of thrill,
As from that ambushed wasp the other day,
When you essayed to eat the " Jargonelle"
That stung your poor lip, and you lay
For a few moments writhing, my poor May ;
Yet, there must a difference be in *my* pain,
I did not suffer anguish in that way,
The pang I felt one might not dread again—
Indeed 'twas rather sweet from the variety ;
And ever since I've felt a soft oppression,

A pleasant kind of feverish anxiety,
One can't describe it,—it's beyond expression,
A strange, new · craving after something
Not seeming distant, yet beyond ones reach ;
There's no relieving this mysterious longing,
As one might pluck an apricot or peach,
To allay a transient thirst by each :
And so, to a strange fantasy I cling
Feeding on hope, a sort of bitter sweet,
And much as I have striven to break the spell,
Have failed—and fail the feeling to defeat ;
What meaneth it, dear Mary, can'st thou tell ?
Ah ! what say'st thou ? Love ! dost really say ?
Can it —yes,—it must be so I feel,
'Twere vain to strive then—do what I may,
Must be endured, for better or for worse ;
And since it seemeth there is no recall,
I will accept me what may come in course.

MARY.

Well done, my Maud—that's most heroical,
Indeed—indeed—quite philosophical.

SECRETS OF THE BOUDOIR.

What Happ'ed on the Evening Ride.

Mary—I've a tale to tell,
You who wise as Sheba's Queen,
In every mystic lore excel,
The riddle can resolve I ween :—
It happed this very eventide,
As I and my devoted knight
Took our pleasant evening ride,
A group of children came in sight,
Pretty cherubs fair and sweet,
As any one could wish to meet:
Sight so charming—I was fain
Impulsively to draw my rein.
Just then I caught Frank's laughing eye ;
" Do you love such toys ?" he cried ;
I answered—" very ! Frank ;—but why ? "
" Because," he laughingly replied,
" It is a happy augury."
Then, as we cantered gaily on,
He added, (he's the Prince of " Drolls")
" Dear Maud, when you were very young,
" I noticed you were fond of dolls ;
" Yours seemed a genuine delight,
" Not the fitful fancy or mere whim
" Of some young misses, who at first sight
" A moment love—the next, tear limb from limb.

" I did not view it then, as since I've done,
" In a serious or a philosophic way,
" But now believe, and think the idea a just one,
" That she who in her non-age doth display
" Interest in those pretty idealities,
" That are but painted images of real life,
" Will be as fond or fonder of realities
" When she becomes a happy, loving wife ;
" So God bless the sympathetic souls
" Of merry maidens all who love their dolls."
There Mary ! what think you of this prate ?
Go,—bring thy wheel and web—this very night,
Like " Lachesis,"*—spin me my sure fate,
If not silk or gold—at least accord me white.

THE INTERPRETATION.

" Dear Maud,—thy riddle speaketh this
Plainly so, the signs proclaim
To lead thee unto yet untasted bliss,
A loving heart to thine will soon lay claim ;
And year by year as time progressive rolls
Your mingling loves I see will not be vain ;
Thus the pleasing mystery of the " Dolls"
Shall be exemplified in manner plain,
Most fitting as most happy application
Of the celestial law of multiplication."

* " One of the Parcœ or Fates (three sisters,—daughters of Jupiter and Themis, who executed the sentences of the blind old God 'Destiny.") Lachesis spun out all the events and actions of life—wool was the material employed—the color of which indicated the destiny of those successively subject to the decrees. Black prognosticated a short and unhappy life, and white the happy reverse. For peculiarly favored mortals, threads of gold or silk were spun."

SECRETS OF THE BOUDOIR.

The Discovery.

Dear Ellen, quick as thought!
Unlace my boddice string,
Hasten—hasten—or my heart
Will burst through every thing ;
Ah—what relief, I'll now impart
The cause of all this fluttering :—

Last night, when at the "County" ball,
'Mongst the gay and gallant band,
There was one eclipsed them all
To whom, I willing, gave my hand :
He was handsome, he was tall,
With every gift at his command.

When he begged with winning glance,
The "honor and felicity,"
To be my partner in the dance,
I really could not say him nay ;
And so, with fitting complaisance
Said : "if 'twill pleasure you, you may."

Then, with hand in hand together,
We led the first set with *eclat*,
My heart as light as any feather,
Eyes, bright mayhap as yonder star ;
And was passed conjecturing whether,
I'd better not rejoin Mamma.

I should explain, tho' bye the bye,
That dear Mamma in the beginning,
With her accustomed courtesy,
Expressed consent with air quite winning :
Hence none could cast reproach in any way,
For breach of etiquette or sinning.

So when he said, " will you again
" Contribute to my happiness?"
I feared non-acquiescence would give pain,
(And when he did so eloquently press)
It might have been accounted nothing less
Than marked indifference or disdain.

Methought his preference, the compliment
Of a true nobleman of nature,
No mere caprice, or every day event,
But pure and perfect as his every feature—
So perfect, as the thought to entertain
Apollo's self had sprung to life again.

Shall I confess me I was fancy struck,
Any maiden scarce could fail to be,
And felt quite honored that he took
So marked an interest in me :
You should have seen the envy speaking look
Of every dame and damsel bound or free.

First, as 'twas natural I should,
I quite abashed felt, I must fain declare,
Like a blushing—trembling little bud
Just opened out amid a gay parterre,
Such lovely types of perfect womanhood
Had in the pride of beauty gathered there.

Quickly he dispelled my air timide,
Whisp'ring so softly,—kindly in my ear,
" Courage! dear maiden, nothing; nothing heed ;
" Regard me as a friend—a friend sincere,
" Let confidence thy every action lead,
" Be happiest, as thou art the fairest here"

Each bright winged hour fled like golden dream,
Yielding a pleasure which I can't express,
If mortals e'er experience joy supreme,
I must have tasted then such happiness,
And that 'twas no mere evanescent gleam,
When you've heard the sequel you'll confess.

Anon we left the fascinating Court
Of charming, joy-inspiring Terpsichore,
He 'twas persuaded,—tho' in short
I really felt unable to waltz more:
I did not tell him so, 'twas his quick glance
Discovery made,—and so we left the dance.

He led me to the grand ancestral hall
Where mail-clad barons, knights, and ladies fair,
Are pictured in succession on each wall,
Bespeaking ancestry remote and rare :
Last in the noble line o'er which we ran,
Was a young warrior,—slain at Inkermann.

There paused we—as if kindred thought
Had struck the selfsame chord in each ones' breast
" For me," he said, " a glory dearly bought ;"
" And me," I answered, " a great loss distrest :
" There he, on whom our fondest hopes did dwell,
" My dear, brave, *only* brother, Eustace, fell."

" Eustace ! " he exclaimed with sudden start,
" Was then your brother, Eustace Avenel ?
" Fount of honor,—noble,—loyal heart,
" True and faithful frend I loved so well :"
" Can you be Launcelot Wilmington?" I said ;
" Yes," answered he,—" and you ?" " I'm Winifred."

A beam of pleasure flashed from out his eye
Offspring of glad intelligence,
A moment in its strong intensity
My glance it met, and smote my every sense :
" Oh ! let me love you, noble maid, he said,
" Be thou, my own, my dearest Winifred!"

" Long have I known thee, though to thee unknown,
" Thy name—thy fame—alike were dear to me ;
" Long have I dreamed that thou wast all mine own,
" 'Twas Eustace bade me hope it so should be,
" E'en when his ebbing life had well nigh fled,
" Said in faint whisper—shield my Winifred."

" How think you dearest Ellen, I replied ?
" 'Twas—*that* wish be met—my heart I freely give thee,
" I'll be with pride a soldier's happy bride,
" The choice of Eustace be the choice of me ;
" And so with mutual, fond, embrace was given,
" Most sacred pledge in sight of earth and heaven."

I'LL TELL MAMMA.

Alack a day! when I did give
Consent unto your wooing me,
I never dreamed as I do live,
That you would thus be suing me;
Your words fell sweetly on my ear,
And I responded artlessly,
But little thought I of the fear,
That you would aye be kissing me—
The bare idea, it seems so queer,
That I must tell my mother dear.

I gave my hand, and aye my heart,
In all my pure simplicity,
Little knowing, then, the part
Thou would'st perform so artfully;
I thought 'twould seem so apropos,
And sometimes might convenient be,
To have a nice attentive beau,
Who would be good and true to me—
But, if you bent on kissing are,
I really must consult Mamma.

If I rightly bear in mind,
The very words you spoke to me,
'Twas promise you would aye be kind,
And to my wish obedient be;

Such like kindness, is forsooth
Obedience well exemplified,
So oft' to stop my very mouth
Till my poor lips are crimson dyed—
Really—if you go so far,
I must—I must inform Mamma.

You say my lips are sweet as honey,
Am I then a buzzing bee?
That you should talk so very funny,
Though, if it did apply to me,
One truth apparent seems I own,
That needs no sound of pipe or tabor,
Proclaiming you the lazy drone
Existing upon other's labor—
I must at once consult Mamma
The need there is for lock and bar,

You really would 'nt hesitate,
The truth's apparent, more and more,
With appetite so very great,
To rifle me of all my store;
Could you with little be content,
And shape your wants more moderately,
To pleasure you I might relent,
And liberally deal with thee—
But if you so exacting are,
Rest well assured, I'll tell Mamma.

Were I the point to yield, I feel
I should in constant danger stand,
The very *hive* you'd aim to steal,
Once landed, you would want the land

Like those Scandinavian corsairs,
Who came as friends (so did they say),
(I mean the Hengists and the Horsas)
Who would 'nt take themselves away—
T'was veni—vidi—vici—stay,
La! this very night, I'll tell Mamma.

I will not be an Ethelred,
To ever so "unready" be:
I will not be to freedom dead.
But do resolve that I'll be free;
You talk about love's golden chain,
Je vous remercie— mon ami,
I choose to single be—not twain,
I chôose for maiden liberty—
Goodness! how desperate we are,
Dont! dont! you wont? Mamma! mamma!

Oh, no! don't go—stay love stay,
I am not angry—do not frown,
(Aside) I think that I adventure may,
Come back dear, and sit thee down,
I do not mean the half I say,
(How very sensitive we 've grown);
There then have it thine own way
You naughty, spoiled, insatiate drone—
And if you very, very good are,
Perhaps I may not tell Mamma.

WOMAN.

The Individuality of Woman,—her attributes, capabilities and worth, as practically illustrated in all ages and times.

PART 1ST.

EVE.

Thou ! who from the beginning didst instil
New hopes and feelings into human hearts,
Who shed abroad thy love like streams of light,
Melting the soul, subduing every will,
Gladdening all hearts, and giving blessed birth
To new pure feeling first engendered then,
(The grateful, ready homage paid to thee)
Who with thy native dignity and grace,
Sweetly adorned with heaven-allotted charms,
Did'st every sense allure, and give to thought
A loftier aim—a nobler, better course ;
Oh ! lovely Woman ! thee, well pleased I sing,
Attempt I here thy virtues to reveal,
Thy high estate, thy bright intelligence,
Thy deeds of mercy—honor—pity—love—
Thy acts of true devotion, never stayed
Thy courage—fortitude—heroic will,
In trouble, sickness, or at danger's post,
Thy resignation under trials sore,
Thy meekness—charity—high faith and purity ;
What wonder that the nations once adored
Ideal beings under thy sweet form ;

What wonder they, untaught, should idolize,
What seemed too perfect for this lower world,
If we, by wisdom taught, in brighter times,
More prudent in our faith, yet love not less
Real charms,—*acknowledged* excellence which lives.
Queen-mother of the world !. Angelic Eve !
Fairest work of heaven, though all so fair,
The first and best of women, unsurpassed,
To whom, or man, or every living thing
Enraptured came to worship and obey,
Thy mien so gentle, and thy rule so mild,
With whom in tender dalliance, unrestrained,
Fondly gazing on thy beauteous face,
Culling fresh flowers to deck thy queenly brow,
[Gay coronet or chastely-fashioned wreath]
Or intermingle with thy golden hair,
Festoons or circlets, blending tint with tint,
Of blushing rose-buds, or the dainty bloom
Of Peach or Orange blossom,
Jasmine, or bloom of Citron, or of floral gems,
'Neath fragrant hawthorn hedges found,
Purple, or white,—or blue,—or variegate,
Checquering the grassy slopes—crowned by nodding ferns,
And garlanded by "Briar" and "Eglantine";
Or with arm around thy soft and snowy neck
On moss-grown bank, or on the grasy verge
Of sacred stream, where spotless Lilies grew,
Amid the song of Birds, and hum of Bees,
Charmed by thy richer voice, thy sweeter song,
Adam, the light-winged blissful hours employed,

Checked by no formal, narrow rule of right,
Moved by no pang of sorrow, pain, or care,
Till,—oh ! most mournful, sad, and sadly strange,
A fiend !—(from whence this fiend ?)
Were there then prior worlds to this of ours ?
He could not come from heaven—there
None save the spirits of the " *Just* " do dwell,
And 'twere not possible, though thus 'tis said
By sapient sages (sages self-esteemed),
For any strife to have occurred in Heaven,
Angel 'gainst Angel launching murd'rous bolts ;
If such *had* been our theory were vain ;
Once occurring,—heaven were *never* safe ;
Where *then* the peace of which we fondly dream,
Where *then* the everlasting happiness ?
Man too was new created—a unit—*sole* man
No more, and sole *one* woman—spouse of man ;
Where then the inducement, he, or she, to tempt—
So happy they—so unsuspicious, innocent,
Had sinned not—there was none to sin against ;
Then how came sin—from whence originate ?
Oh ! 'tis a strange mystery, mysteriously strange !
This fiend ! this serpent ! saw and envious grew,
And thence conceived the heinous, devilish thought
To marr God's plan ! Almighty will to mock ;
That such his aim, to us seems passing strange,
That such permitted was is stranger still.
As an accursed Serpent, grovelling, vile,
Loathsome in form—loathsome more in deed,
Charged with deceit, hypocrisy, and guile,
He entrance gained to Eden's blissful bowers,

Hiding his elongated, lecherous-looking shape
'Mid the polluted herbs, and rank grassy tufts,
Polluted by his foul touch, —late undefiled :
Hence the poisonous " Henbane " and the " Aconite, "
The " Belladonna " with its treacherous fruit,
" Nux Vomica, " and more as deadly all.
Having is shewn, a winning power of speech,
He Eve seduced with fair and honied words,
Who weakly heeding—weakly yielding fell :
Fell ! and lost her innocence, oh ! dreadful fall !
Fell ! and knew her nakedness, oh ! shocking fall !
Fell ! and lost her happiness, oh ! wretched fall !
Fell ! and Adam caused to fall, oh ! mournful fall !
Fell ! and ruined mankind to come, oh ! direful fall !
Fell ! and lost Paradise, oh ! destiny !
Oh ! why did God, revealed so good and just,
Thus place temptation 'mid so fair a scene ?
Why permit the " Fallen One " to use
His evil power, by *greater* power unchecked ?
Incomprehensible ! beyond all ken obscure !
A mighty mystery—far, far exceeding that
Which lies an unconceived, uncounted, measure down
In the unfathomable depths beneath our feet ;
The mind of man, though great, too little far
To *pierce* the depth and solve the mystery :
And we may not in question call His ways,
Who works with so mysterious a power,
A mighty consummation to effect ;
Who, though His wondrous ways may seem
Inexplicably strange to our poor sense,
Has yet to His own glory and our good

A merciful intent, a wise design in everything.
But though Eve, tempted, unsuspecting fell,
And hence we bear the universal curse,
Her honored memory lives in every heart;
And though we mourn our own disastrous fate,
Our love the deeper, the intenser grows
For her, the matchless Mother of our race;
While picturing in our minds the stricken one,
As hand in hand of faithful Adam joined,
She weeping bade adieu to Eden's bliss,
Forth banished by unalterable decree:
E'en wept the Archangels, as they stood
Like statues, motionless on either hand;
For though their flaming swords gleamed thwart the sky,
And though they bore a faithful loyal mien
God's will with ready service to obey;
Yet sad felt they their mission and their charge,
(Though willing entered on as was their wont)
And pity sat upon each radiant brow,
As silently, with faces turned to Earth,
Regretful issued forth primeval man,
Sole man—sole woman forth from Paradise
Into an undiscovered, unknown World.
Then first did man his station realize,
Then first did woman place her trust in man,
Then first was felt their equal nothingness,
And known fresh wants by dire necessity;
And mutual dependence was engendered first,
As clinging to each other passed they on,
Father and Mother of the human race.

Nature's self was hushed with sympathy,
A sombre veil obscured the vast terrene,
And melancholy sadness reigned around;
The Bird forgot its note—the Bee its hum,
Rustled no leaf—and moved no blade of grass,
Nor danced a ripple on the glassy stream,
For air itself was hushed—t'was *Silence*
Mysterious—dread —and awful silence,
Felt in Heaven—on Earth—in Hell—
Hush universal!

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

(SONNET.)

True friendship is a sacred, vital flame,
It knows not rank or fortune, time or place,
In cloud or sunshine still the same,
Changeless the beaming radiance of its face:
To guard the object of its chosen love
It (as the imperial Eagle o'er its brood)
Keeps jealous surveillance; or like the Dove,
Emblem of constancy and heaven-born good.
True friendship lists not to the slanderous tongue,
Nor seeks life's faults and frailties to espy,
No secret from its trustful charge is wrung,
All in its noble bosom safely lie;
Life's gold and dross alike,—refined or crude,
Which mark this mortal state of flesh and blood.

COME LOVE TO ME.

To P—.

Come love to me,
Without *thee*—without *thee*
I languish and pine;
Oh ! come to my arms
With thy incomparable charms,
Partakers we'll be
In bliss that's divine.
Come ! oh my beloved one,
Come with the setting Sun,
For *thy* dear presence I yearn ;
Yearn to caress thee,
To my fond bosom press thee,
Alas ! other relief there is none—
Cans't thou a sufferer spurn ?
Oh ! haste to relieve me,
For dearest, believe me,
My pain is too great to endure ;
I cannot reveal
The pangs which I feel,
The cure rests only with thee—
The power to comfort and heal.
Love ! make no delay,
I earnestly pray,
Nature bleeds at every pore ;
As day succeeds day
Life is ebbing away,
Pity ! pity ! my anguish allay—
I'll bless thee for e'er and adore.

I KNOW A PAIR OF EYES.

To P—.

I know a pair of eyes
Somewhere—somewhere ;
All that's captivating lies,
Love reigns there.

Full of language the expression,
Full of fascination ;
In every glance a soft confession,
And tend'rest of relation—
To look upon those lovely eyes,
The owner is to idolize.

I know a charming face
Somewhere—somewhere,
Beauty holds a resting place,
And joy dwelleth there.;

There ever plays the sweetest smile,
There ruleth pure benignity,
The raptured senses to beguile,
And lead e' en to idolatry—
To look upon *such* face, *such* eyes,
Is to look at Paradise.

I know a little mouth
Somewhere—somewhere,
The perfumes of the East and South
Shed their essence there.

All the little laughing loves
Feast upon those ruby lips;
Am' rous Cupid with his doves
From the sweet fount delighted sips—
Those rich—ripe—honied lips to kiss
Were equal to celestial bliss.

I know a little hand
Somewhere—somewhere;
Not a lady's in the land
Can with it compare.

Soft as silk—fair as the Lily,
Tapering fingers that result in
Model of rare symmetry,
Nature's self might e'en exult in—
The pressure of this hand to feel
Diffuseth an electric thrill.

I know a large, large heart
Somewhere—somewhere;
Fain would I pierce it with love's dart
My homage to declare.

Fain would I possessor be
Of her who the possessor is,
Of what is dearer far to me
Than all the world beside, I wis;
This precious treasure to obtain—
Were joy—were Heaven itself to gain.

I SAT YESTREEN.

I sat beside my love yestreen,
And gazed upon her bonnie eyes,
Ah, me ! Ah, me ! 'twas Heaven I ween,
Translucent Dian rode the skies,
It was perfect Paradise ;
But far more bright and heavenly
Were my dear one's eyes to me—
Such eyes, it were no metaphor
To liken to the Evening Star,
Soft, subdued and liquid light,
One could not wish they were more bright :
Brighter might dazzle with effulgence great,
Yet fail like her's to captivate.

THINKING OF SOMEBODY.

To P—.

Oh ! I'm thinking of somebody
All the livelong day,
From morn to evening gray,
Her name it begins with P ;
What wouldn't I give, if she
My beautiful, beautiful somebody,
Were also thinking of me.

My heart is away with somebody,
Imprisoned it will not be ;
But like the wild bird free,
Swiftly flieth on wings of love
Flieth away to thee,
Beautiful—beautiful somebody,
My charming—charming P—.

I delight to think of somebody,
She's lovely as lovely can be,
And she's all the world to me ;
Her eyes are like the Gazelle,
Her manner spirituelle,
And when first I saw my somebody,
I yielded to love's sweet spell.

KISS—BUT NEVER TELL.

A murrain take the stupid lout
Who'd kiss, and idly tell it;
The lasses should indignant scout,
So dastardly a spirit.

Kisses, that is Virgin kisses,
Are un-come-at-able as money;
The prudent, tantalizing misses,
Such store set by their honey.

Thrice fortunate the favored swain
To whom is freely given,
Supremest joy—the right to reign
So near the bliss of Heaven.

To feast on young love's rosy lip,
To rifle priceless treasure,
Nectarous dews unhindered sip,
Bestowed in fullest measure.

Enraptured to his bosom press
A fairy-form all swelling,
This—this indeed is happiness
Beyond all else excelling.

Confusion on the thankless swain,
Who with mean, dastard spirit
Would so rich a conquest gain
And to the world reveal it.

LOVE'S BANQUET.

Down into a beautiful vale
One bright morning in spring I strayed,
The pure, balmy air to inhale,
Hand in hand with a laughing maid.

Bloomed around us the loveliest flowers,
The Primrose, with pale yellow hue,
Eglantine, queen of the bowers,
And Violets, white, purple, and blue.

'Twas a season of joy and delight,
All nature had sprung to new birth,
And in fairy-like raiment bedight,
Threw her sweet spells over Earth.

The Lark was aloft in the sky,
Glad herald of earliest day,
The Throstle in coppice hard by,
Trilled his mellow and merriest lay.

The Ringdoves were plaintively cooing,
'Mid the rustling pine-wood's shade,
Tender their mutual wooing,
As courtship of lover and maid.

Sat we down on the mossy bank
Of a sparkling, murmuring stream,
A springtide of happiness drank,
Absorbed in love's young dream.

Said I to my blushing but tender belle,
Let us, too, take our fill of love—
'Twere shame the joy of the soft sweet spell
Should fall alone on the birds of the grove.

Her coral lips with fervor I kissed,
And clasped her to my bosom,
The feast all my own, as long as I list
My own, the Virgin blossom.

With growing ardour I fondly pressed
The equally ardent maid,
Breast firing breast, long we caressed
And with each other played.

The stream rolled on with dulcet sound
Singing the tale of our loves,
None other witness was there around
Save this and the cooing Doves.

Rich banquet of love unrestrained
Of Nature's own bestowing,
When mutual wishes are attained,
And the sanguine blood is glowing.

Revelling in such rapturous bliss,
Who'd frighten with old fable,
'Twere just to take another kiss,
And sent it straight to Babel.

Who but the prudish and the puritanical
From sweetest intercourse could long remain,
Vain were the attempt to manacle
Such pleasure—it will ever reign.

Nature needs no intervention
Of restrictive laws to guide her,
Her cure is sweeter than prevention—
They've proved it, who have tried her.

Check the feelings, thwart the will,
Pile up your human Hecatomb
Of fond hearts broken—we will still
With generous nature make our home.

MABEL VAUGHAN.

I met sweet Mabel Vaughan,
One lovely summer morn,
'Twas just at break of day,
In the merry month of May,
The bloom was on her cheek,
And laughter lit her eye,
E'er she 'gan to speak
I kissed her, and said I
Mabel—dearest Mabel,
Come among the rye.

The dew was on the grass,
And jemmed each leafy spray,
When I met my bonny lass,
Lingering by the way;
We were parted by a stile,
I vaulted over to her side
Invited by the sweetest smile
More welcome than the world beside,
And said—dear Mabel, will you hie
With me amongst the waving rye.

She gave her little hand,
And whispered—"come along,
I'm at your command
The rye to go among;"
So we tripped right merrily,
And to each other clung,

Beneath the sunny sky,
My charming maid and I,
So cheerily—so cheerily
Among the waving rye.

The pretty dimples on her chin,
So exquisitely rounded;
Said, "I've dying for you been,"
Would it not have been a sin
Had I not responded?
Then she spoke so artlessly,
Love beaming in her eye,
As we stepped among the rye,—
I vow I could not heartlessly
Her anything deny.

The Lark was soaring heavenwards,
Gay insects flew around,
Save these, and the sweet song of birds,
There was no other sound:
Flowers perfumed the air,
We sat us on the ground
Our passion to declare
My arm's her waist around,
I drew her to my bosom nigh,
Down among the waving rye.

The green grass was our velvet couch,
The heavens our graceful canopy,
Sweet and pure beyond reproach
Was every zephyr passing by,
Her zone was my encircling arms,

As to my heart I pressed her—
My heaven was her virgin charms,
As I ardently caressed her,
And inhaled each joy-fraught sigh,
Down among the waving rye.

Love's the source of every joy,
Love the fount of every bliss is—
Oh ! who may tell the ecstacy,
'Mid the burning—burning kisses,
Which my charming maid and I
Felt among the waving rye :
Who can paint the bliss of blisses,
I could not were I to try,
'Fore all other joys or wishes
Wooing—wooing 'mid the rye.

Even now, dear Mabel,
I'd fly to Spanish main,
I vow if I were able,
To be with thee again ;
Thy witching eye, thy courtesy,
I never can forget,
Still the same to thee am I,
Though many suns have set
Since the day when last we met,
Wooing—wooing 'mid the rye.

To P—.

Lady ! ere I from my sight
Banish Luna's gentle light,
I will for a season lie,
And dwell upon the homily
Which, as I said " good night" to thee,
Thou did'st aye apply to me ;
Upon the whole, it seems so droll
To preach to me of self-control.

Thou wishest me to exercise
This virtue, and this shining grace ;
First, I pray thee, shut thine eyes,
And veil the beauties of thy face ;
Till then, I fear, my raptured soul,
And every captivated sense,
Can never yield to self-control
Without some ample recompense.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

A True Tale of Love at First Sight.

I met a fair maid down by the brook-side,
She wanted to cross but the Fates had denied,
Sighing she said, oh ! what's to be done,
Methought there were stepping-stones, but their are none;
She exclaimed, "young man, can you think of a plan !"
I answered, "I'm happy to think that I can,
Tho' it seem presumptuous, I own,
To offer myself as your stepping-stone,
Yet but grant me the honor and pleasure beside,
"And I'll bear you safely across the tide."

She fixed upon me her eyes so blue,
And replied, "kind Sir, I'll trust to you,
And from my heart will thank you too;
Tho,' how you'll get me over the stream,
I must confess seems so like a dream,
That I fear me I must my steps retrace,
And seek some other crossing-place;
Yet willing am I this venture to try,
And under pleased obligation lie
"To your courage, and skill, and courtesy."

Note.—"Stepping-stones, in the absence of bridges, are stones placed in the bed of shallow streams for the passage of travellers; but during the floods which succeed heavy rain, become submerged, rendering the crossing dangerous."

My glad heart leaped within my breast,
At words so freely and kindly expressed,
As I placed my arm her waist around,
Gently raising from the ground,
The loveliest burden I ever found ;
She encircled my neck with her bonny arms,
And thus with a precious load of charms,
I entered the stream devoid of alarms,
And with feelings of pure delight and pride,
Placed the laughing maid on the other side.

In thoughtful mood a moment she stood,
Then said, " kind Sir, I feel that I should
Give you some proof of my gratitude :
For the present my warmest thanks receive,
Too little I own, but all I can give ;
But come to our village in yonder vale,
Kind welcome you'll meet, so do not fail ;
I'll return ere the sundown if nought happen ill,
Our dwelling is just at the foot of the hill,
And I'm called Lily Lawson, the Maid of the Mill. "

Then with prettiest grace, " adieu " she said,
I watched her matchless form, as she sped
With sylph-like step o'er the flow'ry mead ;
Her long golden tresses all unconfined,
With bright blue ribbons intertwined,
Coquettishly played with the balmy wind :
In a blissful dream I lingeringly stayed
To catch a last glimpse of the beautiful maid,
Till distance robbed me of the delight,
As the vision of beauty passed from my sight.

The Sun was low in the western sky
When I to the brook-side again drew nigh,
The stepping-stones still lay hidden from sight
For the flood was yet undiminished in height,
And I knew that sweet Lily at eventide
Would again need my aid to recross the tide;
Sol's last lingering ray was fast fading away,
And twilight taking the place of day,
And I was exclaiming—she'll not come to-night,
When her fairy-like form arose on my sight.

It took scarce a thought or a moment to stand
At her side, and to press her small, delicate hand,
And to whisper, "dear maid! I await your command;"
A bright smile lit up her beautiful face
As she said—"I foresaw this would be the case,
That again you'd stray this way at eve
My return to await—your service to give;
A fortunate maiden, indeed, am I,
In time of such real necessity,
To be served so well and so faithfully."

"Mine is the fortune, and pleasure, and pride,"
I exclaimed, as I pressed her close to my side
To convey her once more across the tide;
"Mine is the pleasure—tho' would it might be
The will of kind Heaven to favor me
Thro' life, with a burden so precious as thee;"
Her rosy lips I ventured to kiss,
She did not prevent me, or take it amiss;
Such charms in her arms, oh! who could refrain,
She did not rebuke me, she did not complain,
Tho' with rapture I kissed her—again and again.

Many suns have risen, and suns have set,
Since sweet Lily Lawson and I thus met;
But my life has ne'er been clouded yet,
For the happy result of that fortunate day
Was, that Lily Lawson became Lily May—
Best and brightest hour of my life,
When Heaven bestowed so loving a wife:
We yet abide near the old brook-side,
And recall with pride that high flood-tide,
As our red letter day of all beside.

OH! DEAREST LOVE.

To P—.

Oh! dearest love—mine only love,
My hope—my life—my all!
Can pity not thy spirit move
The mandate to recall,

Which has consigned me to despair,
To woe and misery?
Beloved one, oh! hear my prayer,
And grant it, or I die.

Knew'st thou half my heart's distress,
Half my pangs for love of thee,
Thou would'st not—could'st not, do *aught* less
Than give thy loving heart to me.

Knew'st thou half my suffering,
My agony of agony,
Thou would'st relinquish everything—
Restorer of my peace to be.

I sink, I languish, and I pine,
Thro' love of thee so unrequited,
And can't alas! forsake the shrine,
Where first that love was felt and plighted.

Thus the pang like smouldering fire
Consumes existence to its core;
I heap up mine own funeral pyre,
And Death's kind offices implore.

For what is life, apart from thee?
'Tis death, and even worse than death ;
Come! all undreaded,—set me free,
Take thou my faintly lingering breath.

Welcome! welcome! Death oh ! come—
Heed thou my agonized behest,
I yearn for the mysterious home,
I long to be thy willing guest.

Thy guest until that awful day,
When Thou thy sceptre shalt resign ;
Then my soul shall wing its way
With her's to join in love divine.

Yes! dearest, yes! the hope will live
The love, on Earth thou hast not given,
Thou wilt hereafter wholly give
When thou shalt be my Bride in Heaven.

PEARLS LIE DEEPLY HIDDEN.

ACROSTIC.

Pearls lie deeply hidden in the Sea,
Riches untold are buried in the Earth,
Inimitable gems of priceless worth ;
Such my musing, when I first saw *thee*
Cheerfully as Angel-like thou went,
Intent on performing thy noble part,
Leading and training the infant heart :
Love's eye on thee yearningly, fondly bent,
And a God bless thee sweet lady heavenward.sent.

As soon as the Sun illumined the East,
Gilding the Heavens with virgin rays,
Nothing could hold me from the feast,
Eager I hasted forth to gaze
Sweet Angel on thee ! with love increased,

Dear Angel ! wilt thou smile upon me,
Ever I'll give my homage to thee.

Love's in my heart for thee—ever and aye,
Approv'st thou the sentiment ? say me not nay :
Count me *even a friend*, if no more thou canst give,
Years may be dying—my friendship shall live.

To P—.

Good night ! God bless thee
Beloved one ;
May no care oppress thee,
No sorrow distress thee,
Beloved one.

Sweet may thy rest be
Beloved one ;
Thy every wish bles't be,
My spirit thy guest be,
Beloved one.

May Angels watch o'er thee
Beloved one ;
Smile on thee—adore thee,
Heaven open before thee,
Beloved one.

Blissful thy dreams be
Beloved one ;
Sweet may the theme be,
And clearer the gleam be
Of how I esteem thee,
Beloved one—beloved one.

To P—.

Think'st thou I think not of thee,
Deem'st that thou art never present
In my faithful memory,
But that my vows are evanescent?

Think not so,
Thou dost not know

What I've thought, and what I think.

E'en if thou can'st not give me what
Much better were than wealth untold,
'Twere bitterness—yet would I not,
Though wanting *thine*—*my* love withhold;

Thine heart I've read,
And *mine* has said

What I've thought, and what I think.

All love is not alike—and mine
Is least like others in expression,
Trembling before that witching face of thine,
And can't, though longing, make the soft confession;

So I silent—silently
Wait—wait—and worship thee

In hope—fear—pleasure and unrest,
Bearing a quenchless fire within my breast;
Have pity on me, e'er I hopeless sink,
For what I've thought, and still do think.

OF THEE ONLY I THINK.

To P—.

Of thee *only* I think—*only* of thee ;
The noontide has past,
And day waneth fast,
Still I think *only* of thee.

Never a slave for Spanish main,
Borne over Afric's sea,
Was fettered by half so secure a chain
As SOMEBODY'S fastened on me.

I cannot sleep for the ceaseless pain,
Nor can I rest by day ;
And yet I will not—and would not complain,
For I wish not to break away.

Even *thought* is securely bound,
Thought accounted so free,
For there's not a moment the whole day round
That I'm not thinking of thee.

Evening cometh on apace
As westward the Sun is sinking,
But little reck I of times' swift race,
'Tis only of thee I am thinking.

Ere while the Stars will illumine the skies
With their pure effulgency ;
My stars are a pair of beautiful eyes,
That shine in MY Heaven e'en THEE !

Of thee *only* I think—*only* of thee ;
The noontide has past,
Day waneth fast,
Still I think only of thee.

TO P—.

Sunday Morning, 10th April, 1870.

A lovely morn, serene and clear,
Type of my love for thee my dear,
Past is the storm, and still the angry wind
Leaving a sweet and blessed calm behind,
E'en as of late has been vouchsafed to me—
My souls' delight and life ! since knowing thee.
And thou hast risen, darling, presently
Thy soft light footsteps will be drawing nigh,
Angelic kindness beaming from thine eye,
Angelic radiance to thy features lent,
Thou on thy heavenly, holy mission bent,
With silvery words and winning wealth of grace,
To teach the youthful scions of our race—
Upward I gaze and a bright vision see
The eyes of white-robed Seraphs watching thee ;
On silvery wings—o'er thee in love outspread,
Noiseless they glide, by pure affection led
Of thee, in sweet, harmonious refrain,
They sing in soft, melodious strain :—
" Sweet Sister ! joy be ever thine,
" Peace and purest happiness,
" Thy mission is a work divine,
" Our King doth smile upon and bless :
" Dear Sister, faint not, nor grow weary,
" Pursue thy great and good emprise,
" Rest and happiness await thee,
" Our blessed mission to translate thee
" To our King in Paradise."

DEAR LOVE! SWEET LOVE!

To P—.

Dear Love! sweet love! could I only tell
All my affection for thee, it would swell
Volume on volume with unending tale—
But language is expressionless; I fail
To find a single form of speech,
That can a fitting standard reach
The mystic record to unrol,
Of feelings which pervade my soul;
Never can the truth be sung,
All incompetent the tongue
Ever fully to impart
Emotions which have filled my heart—
Emotions which invade my breast
So 'whelming that I know not rest—
Emotions with such fervor fraught,
As to absorb all other thought:
In truth it seemeth that I lie
Beneath a close captivity
I cannot fly from if I would—
And would not even if I could,
'Tis a sweet, seductive spell,
Love—boundless and unspeakable.

OH! MEMORY, MEMORY.

To S. H. P—.

Oh! memory, memory, must I still,
Heedless of reasons teaching, yearn
For bygone joys, which never will
To my reft heart return;
Futile is the thought—but yet
I cannot, if I would, forget.

Hapless was the destiny
That planted in my breast,
A feeling which can never die,
But has led to my unrest;
To sorrow, which nor time nor age
Can ever banish or assuage.

And thou, who bade such feelings live,
Who lit the fire, and fanned the flame,
And gave me all thou had'st to give,
Till we were one except in name;
Say, art thou free from grief and woe?
I hear thy anguished answer,— "no!"

Oh! how could'st thou thus recreant prove,
Unto the oft outspoken vow;
Say where is thy unchanging love,
Where thy protestations now?
In truth does the assertion stand,
That woman's vows are "traced in sand."

Bitterly thou now art grieving
At thy self-elected lot,
I felt thou wast thyself deceiving—
And yet I breathed it not,
For love of thee, though none the less
Whispered—cloud not her dream of bliss.

Thus the sacred chain was broken,
Broken most remorselessly,
Which for years had been love's token
Of plighted troth 'twixt thee and me;
And thus I fell, as thou didst fall,
From smiling Hope's fair pinnacle.

Yet I cannot judge severely,
Cannot clothe my heart with steel,
Still loving only too sincerely,
Aught save pity e'er to feel:
Good Angels shield thee from all ill,
I too will watch—lean on me still.

EMMELINE.

In memory of Emmeline—charming young Emmeline,
Darling of song and heroine of story,
Queen of our village,—incomparable village Queen,
Our boast and delight—our pride and our glory.

'Twas not that her sire was knight of the Shire,
And so worthily ruled at the old Manor Hall;
The motives arose from a source that's far higher,
Than from knowledge of rank or wealth can befall.

For though justly proud, as true Britons are,
Of a race who for ages have lived in our midst,
Till there seems an inseparable link as it were,
Than to break which 'twere better to cease to exist;

Yet our love for fair Emmeline rose not from thence,
We loved her, because she was worthy our love,
Without affectation or hollow pretence—
Our's was a sentiment Heaven might approve.

If ever an Angel appeared upon Earth,
For beauty of heart, and person, and mien,
For every virtue of priceless worth,
Sure such an Angel was charming young Emmeline.

Such beauty as her's, it were vain to express
In terms which the faintest resemblance would bear,
As one gem surpasseth all others in loveliness,
So her type of beauty was past all compare.

Her hair it was flaxen, eyes a bright blue,
Her cheeks like the lily, neck like the swan,
With just a faint tinge of a roseate-hue,
As a dew-drop or lily is tinged by the Sun.

Oft as she passed her accustomed round,
To visit the sick at morning or e'en,
From every cottage door issued the sound—
Our good Angel cometh—sweet Lady Emmeline.

The little ones bounded with innocent glee,
By the vine-covered porch as she trippingly came;
E'en the babe, as 'twas rocked on its fond mother's knee,
In broken accents lisped her sweet name.

Her voice in the softest cadence fell
Like the sound of zephyrs at eventide,
Or that of a murmuring mountain rill,
That adown the mossy slopes doth glide.

As she stood at the stricken sufferer's side,
Like an Angel of mercy bending o'er,
Sweetly beseeching her God to abide,
Counsellor—Father—and Friend of the poor.

But tho' so pure, and virtuous, and good,
Well worthy heaven, if any one was,
She was not a rigidly righteous prude,
But moved in accordance with natural laws.

And oft with our innocent sports would she mingle,
Adown in the meadows, or out on the green,
And ne'er came the springtide about, but we'd single
Her from all comers as merry "May Queen."

How mournful alas! yet how often the case,
Most cherished flowers are soonest to fade,
Deep sorrow and anguish no time can efface,
That such was the fate of our beautiful maid.

A blast from the Orient swept o'er our land,
With death in its wake, a murderous guest,
Choosing its victims on every hand,
No skill could its virulent poison arrest.

When she—our good Angel—that others might live,
On errands of mercy, divested of fear,
Flew from cottage to cottage to cheer and relieve,
'Mid the breath of contagion and pestilent air.

Till sorrow of sorrows! what language can tell,
The beads of cold sweat appeared on her brow,
And death's icy fingers remorselessly fell
On our loved one, and smote her with agony's throe.

Her eyes lost their lustre, pale—pale—grew her cheek
'Twas heart-rending our dear one's sufferings to see,
As she whispered in accents so broken and weak,
" God's will be accomplished—oh! weep not for me."

We gave her our gentlest, tend'rest care,
And to God made many a fervent request,
In His goodness our precious treasure to spare —
But He in His infinite wisdom knows best.

The flickering light of life's lamp grew more faint,
As fadeth the roseate beams of the day;
What words can our sorrow and anguish paint,
Like a beautiful vision she vanished away.

We bore her beloved remains to the tomb,
Loveliest spring-flowers on her coffin we laid,
Emblems of her who so lately did bloom,
But like fairest flowers was destined to fade.

Not one who *could* come, but readily came
With sad hearts and slow footsteps to follow her bier,
So dear was her memory, and widespread her fame,
There scarce was a cheek down which coursed not a tear.

The brief moments of daylight were vanishing fast,
As to take a last look of the coffin we pressed ;
The first handful of earth upon it was cast,
Just as the Sun sank down in the West.

There was one (the chief mourner) with eyes raised to
Heaven,
Our good Lord of the Manor—her silver-haired sire,
And a fair young knight, who sobbed with heart riven,
Adieu my adored one—my Emmeline dear.

Home from the wars this very springtide,
Sir Reginald eagerly hoped to have given
His name and his fame to a beautiful bride :
But God's will be done ! she's the sweet Bride of Heaven.

MEET ME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.

Meet me where the lilies bloom,
The spotless lilies of the vale,
When the earliest morn is smiling,
And I will tell to thee a tale.

When the merry lark is singing,
And the dew bedecks the corn,
And the lovely flowers are opening,
Meet me—meet me in the morn.

Meet me where the lilies bloom,
'Neath the fern leaves and the blue-bells,
Peeping from the moss and heather,
In the fairy-haunted dells.

'Mong the hills and silent woodlands,
Where nature holds her happy reign,
'Mid the charming solitudes,
Ever undisputed Queen.

Meet me where the lilies bloom,
Beneath the junipers and box-trees,
Their pure white petals blending sweetly,
With the emerald colored leaves.

Where the murmuring streamlet floweth,
Over beds of silvery sand,
Over smooth-worn milk-white pebbles,
Willows nodding on each hand.

And the lazy Trout is sleeping,
'Neath the sedgy banks and rushes,
'Neath the tangled weeds and cresses,
O'er-arched by " Honeysuckle " bushes.

Meet me where the lilies bloom,
By the fountain in the dell,
Oozing out like liquid silver
Whence it cometh, damsels tell

To their pensive-looking lovers,
At the am'rous moonlight meeting,
Whispering with bated breath,
And with heart 'gainst bosom beating,

How a lovely blue-eyed maiden,
By her faithless swain undone,
Hither bent her steps at nightfall,
Oft as waned the setting Sun.

Here was given the sacred promise ;
Here the scene of happy wooing ;
Here, alas! she, too confiding—
Yielded, to her sad undoing.

Long she wandered sad and lonely,
She so late the hamlet's pride,
Till like a flower, by cold blasts withered,
She broken-hearted—sank and died.

'Neath the Elm-tree she was buried,
Where the turf-clad mound appears;
Then first this fount was seen to issue,
Fountain of the pent-up tears

Of lovely Lily Levison,
So long in agony withheld,
Till pitying Angels gently bore
Her spirit to a better world.

Where, such before the *Merciful*
Are held with a peculiar care,
Their every earthly fault forgiven,
Once more to shine as lilies fair.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF P—.

Gentle, gentle as a dove,
Is my own—my only love ;
I have found beyond all measure
In her a priceless, precious treasure;
Her heart of hearts beyond compare
Holdeth every virtue rare,
And mine o'erflows with gratitude
To the Giver of all good,
In all my great unworthiness
Meting me such bliss of bliss,
Greatest joy beneath the Sun—
The being loved by such a one.

OH! GOD MOST MERCIFUL.

Oh! God most merciful.
Creator, and best friend,
Grant Thou my prayer!
Father, all pitiful,
Unto my cry attend—
Oh! take beneath Thy care
My loved one:
For myself, I scarce do dare
To petition Thee!
So unworthy to be called Thy son;
Recreant beyond compare,
I fear to bend my knee;
Fear to look upon
Such goodness, and declare
How great is my extremity:
But for her, I dare to pray
(A suppliant in distress)
Most earnestly,
That Thou would'st day by day
My loved one bless:
Lord! hear my cry,
Be Thou her stay,
Oh! give her needful aid
To bear the burden Thou hast laid,
The cross severe,
Be Thou ever near,

Bless her, oh ! my God :
By Thine own promise Lord,
Thine own sweet word,
Cast off her grievous load,
Oh! merciful and good.

RELIGION.

Religion, rightly understood,
Is a doctrine clear and pure,
A holy influence sent from God,
Our better feelings to allure,
That we from sin and sorrow brought
May be divinely led and taught.

Religion is a brilliant light,
Illumining life's clouded way,
Revealing to the gladdened sight,
A pathway to a brighter day,
A beacon centred in the sky.
That we to a safe port may fly.

It is an anchor, strong and sure,
Fixed firmly on a mighty "rock,"
For ever will it there endure,
Unshaken, every tempest's shock,
Many a stricken one to save
From sin's disastrous, yawning grave.

No man may buy this priceless treasure,
It is the precious boon of heaven ;
No man the riches may outmeasure,
Which mercy's God has freely given :
All may embrace, and all receive,
And all in faith and hope may live.

Not in consecrated Fane,
Or 'neath presumptuous, pompous guise,
Does this ethereal spirit reign ;
But to the broken spirit flies,
And to the repentant mourner's breast,
Who hath his conscious sins confest.

On him it pours its healing power,
To him it breathes of heavenly love,
Of grace, and God's forgiveness sure,
Of hope for joy and peace above—
Blest Religion ! grateful may we flee,
Rejecting evil to be taught of Thee.

To P. A. De. L—.

Dear love, the words which you expressed
To me when last we met
Have deeply sunk within my breast—
Their truth I can't forget;
That I, true happiness to find,
Must bend my thoughts on heaven;
That only then will peace of mind
And happiness be given.

Sweet love, thy counsel I will take,
Henceforth day by day,
For mine own and thy dear sake,
Draw nigh to God and pray,
That He his holy light would give,
My Friend and my Preserver be,
That I a better life may live,
And worthier become of thee.

What an ingrate have I been,
How my gracious God forsaken,
Plunged in folly and in sin,
Early faith and trust how shaken,
How corrupt my every thought,
On a baseless fabric leaning,
False principles my erring heart
From every holy purpose weaning.

By specious argument misled,
By base pretentious sophistry,
To every faithful warning dead,
A victim of insanity:
I've been vain enough to think
My future shaped to my desire,
Whilst tottering on the awful brink
Of ruin and destruction dire.

Dear messenger in mercy sent
My wandering footsteps to arrest,
My bosom is by sorrow rent
Of conscious guilt I stand confest;
The mist has from my vision gone,
False ideas turned to worthless dross,
I see there's nought to lean upon
Save Salvation through the cross.

Oh! mispent life—oh! wasted years,
Naught that's good or worthy done,
A fearful blank alone appears,
Fruits of careful labor none;
But to my eternal shame,
Every talent which was lent
Hath either carelessly been lost,
Ill directed, or mispent
Like trifles, hither, thither tossed.

My life has been a desert wide,
A drear unbounded wilderness,
O'er which my footsteps without guide
Have wandered over objectless:

E'en the wild Arab has an aim,
Be it for good or otherwise,
But I, to my eternal shame,
Have entered upon no emprise.

Not a good deed have I done,
Not a mission have fulfilled ;
Each effort e'er 'twas well begun,
By blank indifference has been chilled :
Absence of sincerity—
Irresolution in my will—
Self-confidence and vanity—
Each a bane and obstacle.

Oh God ! who even unto me
Thy messenger of love hath sent,
Enable me to fly to Thee
And of my every sin repent :
Give me strength and every grace
That I may from temptation flee,
Henceforth run a better race,
And truly penitent may be.

Oh, Thou ! who said'st :—come unto me
All ye who labor, and take rest :
I come in my necessity,
By load of sorrow sore opprest :
Thy yoke with gladness will I bear,
Longing to be taught of Thee,
Take me 'neath Thy heavenly care,
Keep me from temptation free

Vain is every earthly aim,
Futile every effort made,
Terminating but in shame,
Without Thy sanction and Thy aid :
Teach, oh ! teach me day by day,
How to shape my course and live,
Lead me into wisdom's way,
Thy saving grace—Thy blessing give.

And thou, my dearest earthly friend,
Who wast to me in mercy sent,
For furtherance of a happy end,
To be the blessed instrument :
I give thee all I have to give—
My gratitude and boundless love :
For thee, my treasure, while I live
Will I my best affections prove.

AN ADVENTURE IN GREECE.

The Sun had tipped with gold each rugged height,
Crowned with thy Fanes and Temples, land of Greece,
And streams of new created, dazzling light
Were poured throughout thy famed Acropolis,
Whose sculptured columns towering in the sky
In chaste proportion,—pleased the raptured eye;
And o'er thy sacred plains, (a wide extent,)
Fruits, herbs, and flowers delicious perfume sent,
Enamoured by such soft and balmy hour,
I wandered forth upon the sea-girt shore
Admiring, gazed upon each coursing wave,
Marking where hostile fleets fierce battle gave,
And patriot warriors found a hero's grave.
Here had I lingered long 'neath fancy's spell,
Or by the rapt imagination led,
Had not a sound like fairy-music fell
Upon my ear,—and memory of the illustrious dead
From out my presence quickly banished.
In the still waters of a little bay,
Hemmed in by circling cliffs—(a safe retreat),
A group of Athenian maidens held their play,
Filling the air around with laughter sweet.
Fled, quickly fled, the hollow, false ideal,
The ravished senses dwelt on these new charms;
Here was the perfect, and the real,
Living and moving, young and lovely forms.
Chide not ye prudes! that fearlessly I strayed
To watch the motions of each beauteous maid,

To feast on treasures all unveiled to sight,
To steal fresh pleasure and find new delight;
Whence was despotic prohibition given
To gaze upon the wond'rous works of Heaven?
Does virtue suffer less from cold restraint
Imposed by rigid anchorite or saint?
Rather the direst evils oft we see
Result from such unnatural decree;
The wise confess, that noblest thoughts increase
In contemplation of God's master-piece.
Why should I fly? the Nymphs all unabashed,
Happy and natural, and free from guile,
In sportive glee the bright blue waters dashed,
Rending the skies with merry shouts the while,
And me inviting, with seductive air,
The flood to enter, and their bath to share.
Who could act a cold, insensate part,
And to dear woman's summons shut the heart?
Or who could brook well-merited disdain,
If all ungratefully he durst 'refrain?
Gaily I plunged, divested of alarms,
And rose encircled by their snow-white arms,
With ardor to their glowing bosoms pressed,
And by each fond and loving form caressed,
All struggling for the passionate embrace,
Their round, plump limbs my own close interlace,
And rosy lips to mine were closely glued
With honied sweets, and nectarous balms bedewed.
Then playfully in various arts employed,
We with each other innocently toyed,
Till mounting Phœbus warned us to retreat

From his increasing and oppressive heat,
When lightly springing on the shell-strewn rock,
Like Goddesses the radiant virgins look,
Their graceful drapery o'er their charms they threw,
And then bestowed on me a warm adieu,
Sad and regretful that our joys were o'er,
And that we parted now—to meet no more:
" Stranger, " they said, " our kindest wish receive,
" And thou to us thy fond remembrance give;
" And should'st thou dwell on blissful moments past,
" Oh ! then on suffering Greece thy memory cast;
" And when thou send'st to heaven the fervent prayer
" Include thou us within thy tender care;
" Thou in our inmost thoughts shalt ever dwell,
" Stranger, God bless thee;—once more farewell."
Oh ! ye who soar in thought 'mid other skies,
And there create your fancied Paradise;
And ye who all unblushingly avow,
That nought on earth can happiness bestow;
But that Creation's Lord hath given you life,
Hopeless to dwell 'midst ceaseless care and strife,
That you a source of bliss have never known,
By which your cares and sorrows you might drown:
Oh, hapless ! could you then by magic wand
Have been transported to Athenian's strand,
Have gazed on woman's beauty, woman's grace,
Conspicuous in that still, secluded place,
Have felt her power to banish and expel
Your darkest glooms, and make a heaven of hell;
Have seen love's sunlight glowing in her eye—
Love in its unmarred purity;

Methinks you then had felt a genial glow,
Electric through your frigid veins to flow;
Had owned that earth, possessing woman dear,
Is not so cheerless, desolate, and drear;
That she, of all created, reigning queen,
Holds next to God an undisputed sway,
Dispensing joys where wretchedness had been,
And scattering countless blessings in her way;
To Heaven, who gave this best—most precious gift,
May we our hearts in gratitude uplift;
Led by fair virtue, may we ever prove
For her, the purest, most exalted love.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

And God said let us make Man
In our own image—after our own likeness.
Genesis.

Give me thy hand, my brother, for I love thee,
Thy *whole* hand a cordial grasp close interlocked,
So that my fingers around thy wrist may circle,
As thine with mine, in close affinity;
What, tho' thy skin of darker hue than mine,
Still 'tis beautiful, still 'tis fair to look on:
I gaze upon thy face and behold a *man*—
Impress of Divinity, similitude of God !
I of Albion am, thou of burning " Ind;"
What matter? Art thou not a man?
I am no better than thou art, haply worse:
Out on those contemptible knaves, those puny minds,
Those infinitesimal soul-less mites, the midges
Of Creation; who to nature's rich tint, nature's
Beautiful handywork, would give disparagement.
Know they not, poor hood-winked knaves,
Color no deeper goes than the bare skin?
Beneath is all the same: and oft I ween,
A purer, nobler, greater heart may beat
'Neath olive, brown or sable,
Than 'neath a blanched exterior:
Believe me, brother, I do love thee;
I look upon thee—thou hast shape like mine,
The same conformity; I press thy wrist
And feel a pulse as mine,

A faithful monitor keeping the same time;
I place my hand upon thy breast, to find
Thou hast a heart that *beats* like mine
With *like* pulsations, emotions like,
Where *love, hope, fear, pain, pleasure,*
Sanguine expectance, blank reversal,
Take their equal turn :—
In blissful moment leaps with like *ecstacy,*
In grief subsides into itself like mine,
In anguish bleeds, in terror beats
'Gainst the frail tenement with like affright;—
In high emprise, or fancy's brilliant flight,
With over swell of big conceptions, would
Burst its narrow bounds like mine :—
Like joy with me thou feelest, and like pain;
With a needle's point I probe a vein:
With what result? before my eyes blood issues—
Blood of life, pumped out from the great
Reservoir of the heart, thence to flow
Through a complicated but beautiful and
Well-ordered labyrinth of swelling arteries
Like mine in number :—
What color is this glowing, sanguine blood?
Is't jetty as thy skin, or brown, or what?
No! 'fore heaven I see it *crimson* is *like mine*;
Who speaks thee foul then? shew me;
Shew me the spurious knave,
Who from his assinine foul mouth would blurt disparagement,
Call thee "Nigger," "blackamoor—"
Out on the moral deformity, the misshapen Caliban—

Knows he not, presumptuous traducer of God's works,
'Twas but as yesterday i' the worlds age,
His father wandered through the woods
A shivering wretch woad dyed, blue ;
Thy father then was great, by wisdom great,
Had gone in mental flight well-nigh
To heaven's gates, our planets leaving
In his wake, to count great worlds beyond :
To him the nightly twinkling stars
Mere farthing rushlights were—like
Toylights at " Devali ; "
Thy father then was erudite,
When *his* to save his *very life*
Couldn't count the acorns
With which he crammed his mouth voracious :
Thy sire an Euclid was ? a mathematician
Problems solving, deep diving into
Abstruse calculations, with just
Adjustment unmassing masses,
And out of fugitive atoms a grand
Product making—whole number
Without remainder :—Thy father wove
The silken fabric variegate,
Or with inimitable nicety of delicate skill
The web-like æry muslin fashioned,
Texture *so* light, *so* fair, as might
Enwrap an Angel :—*Thy* father built great cities
Where he dwelt in splendid state, or in
Snug homestead passed his peaceful days
Content :—*His* father o'er his shoulders threw
The undressed skin of beasts,

And crouched for shelter from the howling blast
In gloomy cavern or in clay-formed hut :—
Sit thee down, my brother, let us talk these matters o'er,
How he to eminence arose surpassing thee,
These matters trifles are—not they affect thy destiny,

HAST THOU A MOTHER?

Hast thou a mother?
Ah ! then art thou blest,
And can'st feel for another
By sorrow oppressed;
Alas ! I may not share
That sweet fountain of love,
My mother is *there*,
In those regions above.

Hast thou a mother?
Oh ! cherish her dearly,
There is not another
Can love so sincerely;
Alas ! mine is gone,
And heart-stricken and lonely,
I bitterly mourn
For her, and her only.

Hast thou a mother?
Thy affection bestow,
There is not another
So faithful below;
Alas ! I was left
When yet but a child,
Of that solace bereft,
Of that treasure despoiled.

Hast thou a mother?
In obedience excel,
There is not another
Can teach thee so well;
None who can lead,
None so well guide,
Or effectually plead
Thy mother beside.

Oh! then give her thy heart
For there is not another,
Can perform thee the part
Of a fond, tender mother;
Comfort and aid her
If sick or distressed,
Devotedly tend her—
And thou shalt be bles't.

AT MY LOVE'S BEHEST.

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF DEPARTED DEAR ONES,

New Cemetery, Calcutta.

At my Love's behest I come
A herald to this sacred Tomb,
A willing herald do I bring,
Affection's votive offering,
Affection which will never die,
For *their* dear hallowed memory
Who lie, the cold, cold clay beneath,
But who have triumphed over Death,
For them the solemn word was given,
But as a passport unto heaven :—
No more to suffer grief or pain,
But with their God to ever reign.
Rest on ! beloved ones, sweetly rest
Upon your Saviour's loving breast :
I on your sacred Tomb
Do place this offering,
Flowers in full bloom,
Loveliest flowers I bring,
Cypress and Willow too I've brought,
Types of the reft heart,
Which withered at your loss,
As these shall fade,
Yet whose faith is laid
On the holy cross,

Faith in the crucified,
Who for sinners died,
Who in agony cried :—
" *Eloi—lama—subacthani,*"
" My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"
Faith! faith in Him alone,
Redeemer—Saviour—Risen One,
That He *her* soul would also save,
Her loved ones to rejoin beyond the grave,
No more to sigh and shed the bitter tear,
Nor other tale of sorrow to outpour ;
But through a long, unbroken, and eternal year
To bask in endless bliss for evermore.

SHE'S GONE!

Written on the death of D. V., (a beloved cousin) who, three days after her mother had been borne to the tomb, herself fell a victim to the same dreadful scourge of cholera.

She's gone! I might not say adieu,
For I was far upon the sea,
She who was loved, and loved so true,
Thus rudely has been snatched from me:
Had I been near to lend my aid,
To pray, to watch around her bed,
Fitting tributes to have paid
To her I almost worshipped—
Methink that then with more content
To the dread ordeal I had bent:
Alas! I might no comfort speak,
Nor kiss her pale, yet lovely cheek,
Nor hear that craving, anguished cry:—
" God! stay, oh! stay, my agony,"
And mother! mother !! quickly come,
" Take thy suffering daughter home;"
For I was on the boundless deep,
Where appears the orient Sun,
Only to lament and weep
For my dear, departed one,
And to pray it might be given
For us to meet again in Heaven.

RAIN AT LAST.

Written after the occurrence of the great Famine in Orissa, when upwards of a million of human beings perished from starvation.

All our misery's past,
Hope smiles again,
Rain, rain has come at last,
Blessed—blessed rain.

Down it comes—God's benison
Straight from heaven,
Health and wealth for everyone
Freely given.

So long prayed for—so long hoped for
All in vain:
Welcome, welcome all the more,
Bounteous rain.

Creating blessings o'er the Earth,
As if by magic born,
Chief of all the precious birth,
Fields of waving corn.

So lately scorched with heat,
(Withered everything)
Earth crumbled 'neath the feet,
As though 'twere perishing.

But thou cam'st pouring down
To succour and sustain,
Gaunt Famine with a frown
Fled—oh! blessed rain.

Nature leaps with gratitude,
And in gayest dress
Bedecks each plain, and bower, and wood,
In unmatched loveliness.

Life from death has sprung,
Promise of much grain,
On Thee alone the issue hung
Restoring rain.

Food ! food ! for the famished poor
By God given :
Food ! food ! abundant store !
Food from Heaven.

Trust in God, and never fear,
He, again—again—
Will in His mercy, year by year,
Send his blessed rain.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Time flies on restless wing,
Time flies,
Hours and days are vanishing,
Time flies.

Time flies, there's no delay,
Time flies,
Years, years pass away,
Time flies.

Time flies beyond redeeming,
Time flies,
Whilst we are trifling, idling, dreaming,
Time flies.

Time flies, life's bounds curtailing,
Time flies,
All regret how unavailing,
Time flies.

Time flies, we unsuspecting,
Time flies,
Our dearest interests neglecting,
Time flies.

Time flies, swift comes each morrow,
Time flies,
We lament the past with sorrow,
Time flies.

Time flies, regrets how fruitless,
Time flies,
Attempt to check its course how bootless,
Time flies.

Time flies, yet dream not we
Of the vast eternity,
Blinded with a fallacy,
Time flies.

Oh ! God ! enable us to heed
Each precious hour,
Thy guidance and Thy aid, we need
Thy saving power.

Teach us to look alone to Thee,
Teach us our course to guide,
So that when time shall cease to be,
With Thee we may abide.

Time flies on restless wing,
Time flies,
Let's bestir us and be doing,
Hours and days are vanishing,
Time flies.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A good woman ! what a treasure!
Who can calculate her worth,
Countless blessings beyond measure
Follow in her joylit path,
She seems an Angel upon earth.

A good woman one may know
By her exalted, noble air,
Virtue shines upon her brow,
As God himself had placed it there—
A " glory" such as Angels bear.

A good woman one may tell
By the soft glancing of her eye,
Where love, truth, pity, kindness, dwell
In all their sweet reality,
Cheering poor pilgrims on their dreary way.

A good woman silently doth glide
Like a good spirit, that she may
Dispense her welcome gifts on every side
In her judicious, charming, perfect way—
No heralding (self-glory) or display.

From the deep well-spring of her loving heart,
The generous stream in a full flood-tide flows,
Unnumbered blessings to impart,
Where'er its genial influence goes
To allay all human ills and woes.

A good woman is a "pearl of price,"
Happy he who such a prize possesseth,
'Tis his to taste the highest purest bliss,
She him exalts—she him supremely blesseth,
Earth becomes Heaven when such a one caresseth.

She is a gift from Heaven—a God-send
To do a work which woman only can,
A mission for a most benignant end,
And admirably she prosecutes the plan,
A wise conception for best weal of man.

Whether of high or low estate,
Matron or maid—when any thus are found,
All have an equal influence, good and great,
And Heaven be praised such treasures still abound,
Lights of our life the wide world round.

SOLACE.

When care its gloomy impress leaves
Upon the heart and on the brow,
And silently the spirit grieves
O'er some source of pain or woe,
When all around seems dark and drear
Filling the mind with wild alarms,
'Tis but to fly to woman dear
To lose all care within her arms.

Thank Heaven ! that though our seeming lot
Is oft-times to experience pain,
We have this precious antidote
To heal us o'er and o'er again :
Who can sorrow, who can languish,
When an Angel form caresseth,
Who retain a spark of anguish,
When woman all her love expresseth ?

When her witching eyes are sparkling,
Speaking with appealing tone,
And her bonny arms are circling
All her world within love's zone ;
When her rosy lips meet ours
Bestowing most seductive kisses,
The rapture every pang o'erpowers,
We care forget and bask in blisses.

Dearest woman ! wanting thee
Our life would not be worth retaining,
A cheerless, drear monotony
With unchecked discord ever reigning ;
Heaven created thee with beauty,
Gave thee every charm and grace
To perform a loving duty
Unto all the human race.

And thou hast done it well, dear woman,
In every station, rank, and sphere,
From first conception of the plan,
In every age as year succeeded year;
Still the same, thou ever art performing
Thy course pursuing with progressive time,
Still loving, comforting, and charming
In that peculiar manner that's sublime.

Oh ! dearest source of all our earthly bliss,
What do we not in truth and justice owe thee ?
Debt *so* great we *never* can discharge—
Vain the attempt ; yet may we shew thee
Devotion, gratitude, and love sincere,
By honoring and exalting, as is just,
By yielding thee thy proper place and sphere,
Reposing in thee every faith—hope—trust.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Fellow man! love fellow man,
Brother, love each fellow brother,
Follow God's celestial plan,
Love one another, one another.

Life of ours' is but a span,
We come and go we know not when,
Then let us do what good we can
Unto our fellow, fellow men.

Life of ours' is only lent us
For a brief and fleeting space,
Let no selfish aim prevent us
Doing something for our race.

Life of ours' is but a dew drop,
Glistening in the early morn,
That when the Sun surmounts the hill-top
Trembles—trembles—and is gone.

While we live, we should be doing,
Doing something for our kind,
Pity, love, and kindness wooing,
So to leave *some* fruit behind.

God did not for nothing give us
Breath of life, and mind, and reason,
If then no good deed doth outlive us
It a shame were and a treason.

Each has some account to render,
Each has talents more or less
To return unto the lender,
And a duty to confess.

These borrowed talents would we double,
Making ten times ten of ten,
Without any toil or trouble,
'Tis but to love our fellow men.

This the secret is I take it
Of true happiness on earth,
Then let's combine as one to make it
Our pearl of pearls of priceless worth.

Men loving men of every nation,
Every color, every creed,
Regardless or of rank or station—
Worth is rank by word and deed.

Then Heaven will shine upon and bless us,
Completion of a holy plan:
Naught henceforth shall e'er oppress us,
Man loving each his fellow men.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

The night had set in drear and dark,
As onward sped our gallant barque,
The "watch" upon the deck lay still,
As trusting to the "helmsman's" skill,
They deemed no danger nigh;
When sudden from aloft they hear,
A sound which strikes on every ear,
"Man overboard!" "man overboard!"—
Such the startling cry.

Swiftly aloft the "topmen" sprung,
Round the heavy yards were swung,
The vessel's progress stayed,
And strenuous were the efforts made,
The drowning man to save;
The "Life buoys" shewing brilliant light
Gleamed 'mid the darkness of the night,
And manned by stout, courageous men
The boats were on the wave.

Upon the "poop" our Captain stood,
A noble heart and seaman good,
Wisely his commands were spoken
Amid the silence, all unbroken,
Save a faint whisp'ring or a sigh
From those who lined the vessels' side
Gazing upon the ocean's tide
Who hoped and prayed most fervently
Their struggling shipmate might not die.

Twice had he sank and twice arose,
His voice now faint and fainter grows,
"Haste! haste!" he cried, "my strength, my life
has gone—"
"Oh, God! my wife,—my child,—mercy!—help!—
I'm done":
These the last words the near by boatmen caught,
As with bent oars and straining every nerve
They reached, alas too late, their friend to serve;
Blanched grew each cheek—sad every heart,
That every effort had been made for naught.

Alas! brave mariner, thy cruise was o'er,
Sunk in ocean's depths to rise no more;
May we hope thy reckoning was sure,
That thy soul is anchored all secure;
Where when the voyage of our life is past,
And the Great Captain musters every soul,
Called by the just and universal roll,
May we, rejoicing, meet thee once again
In exquisite delight—to ever last.

OUR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

Heed these with tenderness; oh! let your *hearts* expand
To bountiful fruition;—be ye as the Sun,
Irradiating shade with cheering light;
Or as a rain-shower moistening the parched earth:
God has outspoken;—'tis His peculiar charge
That you succour and protect them
And bear in mind—*He* borrows to *re-pay*;
The deed is not so much to *them* as *God*;—
He asks the loan;—He opens an account,
Oh! be obedient to his sacred call,
And make your interest with Him doubly sure.
Sad is the fate of these afflicted ones,
Cast on the world, forlorn and portionless,
Alone to endure the fierce, unpitying storms,
Marking the course of this tumultuous scene:—
Gone is their earthly counsellor and stay,
Gone the beloved source of all their joys,
To whom so late confidingly they clung,—
E'en as the Ivy clings to the stout Oak;
No tempest erst was strong enough to tear
From the intense embrace of mutual love,
Till Death's unsparing hand with one fell blow
Destroyed their refuge, heedless of their woe,
Leaving them prostrate—but God is good:—
He hears the orphan's anguished cry,
He listens to the widow's earnest prayer,
He counts each tear that courses down the cheek,

On *His* attentive ear falls every sigh,
And generous bosoms prompted by His voice
Fly to the rescue ;—oh ! most noble task,
Approved in Heaven and blessed by Heavens' King:
Great in the great day will these appear
When the just Judge recounts our every deed:
Who clothed the naked and the hungry fed,
Who cheered the mourners in their lonely path,
Who poured sweet balm within the stricken breast,
Who snapped the chains and set the captives free ?
On *these* will God with most benignant smile
Outpour o'erflowing measure of his love,
Be it then our first—most sacred care
To merit full acceptance there.

CHARITY.

Commend me to sweet Charity—she draweth nigh
A blessed spirit with her wand of peace,
A heavenly lustre beaming in her eye;
At her appearance all contentions cease,
Hate—envy—slander—and detraction fly,
The air in which she liveth, all too pure
For their corrupted natures to endure;
She with her persuasive winning art,
Each uttered word a mollifying balm,
Subdues the ungentle passions of the heart,
Which yield as though to some specific charm.
Slander seeks with vile and treacherous aim
The ignominious passions to awake,
E'en innocence to rob of its good name,
Its fair repute remorselessly to take;
But Charity, an ever welcome guest,
Steps in, a special herald from above,
To bid the elements of discord rest,
And instil the sanctity of love:
She the blinded Reason reaches,
And by heavenly wisdom taught,
Sublimest of all lessons teaches;
That nor by word, or deed, or thought
Should man his fellow man decry,
But ever with a loyal heart
Should under every aspect try
Rather to veil than to reveal

An error or infirmity,
And strive with tenderness to heal
Rather than a wound increase ;
Such deeds yield their own reward,
Which slander never could afford,
Of sweetest happiness and peace.

SLANDER.

Of all the evil spirits which invade
With baleful influence the human heart,
Our better nature to degrade,
None performs a more ignoble part
Than smooth-tongued Slander—she comes
With stealthy footsteps and with evil eye,
But erst an air of sanctity assumes,
The surer, more effectually
Her fiendish purpose to fulfil :
She's oft mistaken for a Saint,
Moving with such studied skill,
That 'twere difficult to paint
Her otherwise, till her disguise
Is pierced—when all revealed
In her deformity before the eyes,
A treacherous serpent is found concealed,
Ready its venomed fangs to dart
Into the tend'rest and most vital part.
Direst evil that Hell ever sent,
Pitiless destroyer of fair fame,
Satan's most cruel instrument
To traduce the good man's name :
I will thy base designs expose
In all their black iniquity :
I will give thee no repose
Till thou whence thou came dost fly ;
'Twas but yesterday thou sought,

To make me doubt my dearest friend,
And in rude presumption thought,
I should to thy deceit attend;
But I was not so weakly caught,
By assertion of thy lying tongue,
Thy vile allusions went for nought,
And as I then indignant flung,
So likewise will I ever fling,
Far from my outraged, conscious sense,
Every falsehood thou dost bring—
Dear as mine own repute and name
Is, and should for ever be,
So do I estimate the same
Is held by others equally.

NAPOLEON III.

Wanes thy star Napoleon !
It's fitful light is paling,
The power by treachery won
'Gainst right how unavailing ;
A trump from Heaven has sounded,
And justice has outspoken,
Thy aim shall be confounded,
Thy vain proud spirit broken.

Where is now thy vaunted fame,
Where thy will determinate,
Where the prestige of the name
Of Napoleon the Great ?
Passed away beyond recall
Fame—name—prestige—prostrate lie,
As stolen power shall ever fall,
At the feet of Liberty.

Futile thy presumptuous plan :
Dreamed thou that the land of France
Had other realms in might outran,
That in this age it could advance,
And like a loosened avalanche
O'erwhelm the nations as in ages past ?
Knowledge since then its glorious tower
Hath reared upon a base to last,
Knowledge—not force, is now the ruling power ;

Men now by reason and by right are taught,
Men now assert the privilege of men,
The prize for which their fathers fought
Will not be lightly yielded up again ;
Each is proud of his own royalty,
The royalty and empire of thè mind,
Henceforth only to yield loyalty
To benefactors of the human kind.

Thou a malefactor art by word and deed,
And hast well-merited destruction met,
Who now thy hopeless cause shall plead,
Who now lament thy sun for ever set ?
Whose very life was an unblushing lie,
Whose little good was but a cloak to hide
Projected deeds of infamy,
Ambitious aims, and devilish lust of pride.

Thou hast loosed the horrid dogs of strife,
Rivers of human blood thro' thee are shed ;
Myriads whose pulses lately beat with life,
Unblest are numbered with the dead :
A hundred thousand widows' wailing cries,
Countless orphans' agonized lament—
Oh ! man of evil destinies,
'Gainst thee to Heaven unceasingly are sent.

'Gainst thee, whose word like a pestiferous blast
Awoke the human passions, and arrayed
Man 'gainst his fellow and outcast—
The demon Discord. Art thou not afraid

E'en with thy thoughts to hold communion?
Dost thou not tremble at the great array
Of reft hearts, who at God's throne
Have made unquestioned plaint 'gainst thee?

Confusion on the "right divine" of Kings,
Source of endless jealousy and hate,
The times demand far other better things,
Than e'er arose from kingly power and state:
Mankind aweary of the pomp of Courts,
With thrones, crowns, sceptres would dispense—
Armies disband, raze castles, towers, and forts—
Henceforth to be o'erruled by common sense.

THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

All hell in solemn conclave sat
To form the sect of Mahomet;
For it no longer could endure
The spread of christian doctrines pure,
Which threatened at no distant day
To snatch its vital power away,
Of human hearts and souls the winner,
To rob it oft of many a sinner;
So Satan stirred himself to find
Upon the earth some subtle mind,
One into whom he might instil
His fiendish thoughts inflexible;
Who would not scruple to deny
The Saviour's proved divinity,
And every sacred law defy.
His plan matured—to eastern skies
Swiftly the arch intriguer flies,
Cheered on by each confederate peer,
Fresh fame and victory seeming near;
'Twas thine, oh! Araby! to be the first
By his all-blighting presence to be curst;
Thine the vile impostor to present,
Who every tie of human feeling rent,
Carrying fire and sword on every hand
To devastate each fair and peaceful land:
No crime too great his purposes to gain,
An impious heresy—a despotic reign.
Vile as himself is every law he made
'Gainst Honor, Truth, and Equity arrayed;

"His creed a gilded bauble to allure,
Permitting all that's brutish and impure,
Pandering to the most debasing lust,
Virtue is spoiled—innocence is crushed,
And every social excellence out-thrust;
The sacred influence of Hymen's tie
Bartered for life of infamy:
Denying that dear woman has a soul,
It gives a license shorn of all control;
Voluptuous pleasures thus usurp the place
Of love and true affection, and efface
All signs and actions of a God-like race.
The enlightening spread of knowledge it arrests,
And every intellectual aim detests,
Fearful lest the world in growing wise
Should spurn its base pretence and specious lies:
With order's foes it ever is in league,
Fomenting discord, plot, and dark intrigue,
Wearing the mask of friendship to deceive,
Corrupt in office—tyrannical in power,
It wrongs the innocent and robs the poor;
In fine, it is a most blasphemous plan
To marr the works of God and rights of man.
What need to search past history for proof,
Recent and present times present enough
To make all noble minds indignant burn,
This schism to oppose and overturn:
Greece, Scio, Syria conspicuous rise,
And point to foul atrocities;
Of age, and youth, and beauty ruthless slain,
Or into slavery sent across the main;

Of loveliest maids for horrid aim exiled,
Or by the brutal soldiery defiled,
Their creed's reward—their Allah's proffered prize,
Greater the crime better the prospects rise;
Fair regions laid completely waste,
And every mark of human skill effaced,
Insures a Regal Box no less than this,
Within their vaunted theatre of bliss.
India too a history can unfold,
Which chills the heart and makes the blood run cold,
When lisping babes torn from maternal hands
Were hewn in pieces by the treacherous bands:
Of helpless women barbarously slain,
First vilely tortured to prolong their pain:
Of husbands manacled—compelled to view
Loved ones dishonored by a fiendish crew;
To hear their agonized and piteous cries,
To see them pierced and hacked before their eyes;
To hear the fond words e'en at death's dark door,
We soon shall meet in Heaven to part no more:
The ear is pained, or more we might reveal,
Such examples will suffice to tell
The Moslem creed's a dark design of Hell,
Enough the indignant nations to arouse
One cause—one aim—one object to espouse,
All in holy crusade to go forth
To drive these monstrous evils from the earth,
Extinguishing the name of Mussulman,
No peace—no safety—until this is done.

A STRAY LEAF.

From the narrative of my voyages and travels, or "Ten Years Afloat and Afield."

We weighed anchor from Madeira on the 18th of July 1848, and bidding a reluctant adieu to this fairy-like spot, shaped our course for Rio d' Janeiro, capital of the rich and prosperous empire of Brazil. Every day brought with it a very sensible change of climate, and when about ten days' sail beyond Madeira, the excessive increase of heat became insufferable. Frequent calms succeeded, when not a breath of air moved through the extended heavens, and the wide ocean, from a continual exhalation of dense vapor, resembled a vast reeking cauldron. For several days successively we lay helplessly within our own space, like a huge log, powerless either to advance or retrograde upon its lifeless surface; whilst the heat becoming, if possible, more intensified, caused feverish sensations and prickly irruptions on the skin, which, besides ruffling the temper to a most undesirable extent, also produced sensations of extreme languor and burning thirst. The water tanks were fairly besieged by hundreds of parched mortals, well-nigh reduced to a state of frenzy to satisfy the most distressful of all cravings. Day followed day, and not the gentlest breath of air came to ripple the still, glassy element. The great "courses,*" clewed up, hung in magnificent festoons from the extended "yards," unruffled and motionless as tapestry in the halls of kings. Not a breath, soft as Angel's whisper, fell upon the outstretched "topsails," the towering "topgallant" sails, or even upon the light o'ercrowning "royals—" Nature was hushed, the elements entranced. The officer of the "watch" might be seen restlessly pacing the "poop," every now and then casting an anxious glance into indefinable space; (for the term "windward" had now become obsolete) or gazing

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* Lower Sails.

abstractedly upon the dim horizon, eager as looks the general of a beleagured army for the approach of promised succour. The weather-beaten old Quarter-Master having hopelessly relinquished every stratagem to make the "old gal" answer her helm, lounged lazily on the "wheel" spokes, rolling over from one cheek to another, with evident enjoyment, an enormous quid of his darling weed, the while spinning many a wondrous yarn of hardship, adventure, and hair-breadth escape (in which traveller's license was as usual not a little indulged in) to the gaping sentinel at the Captain's state-room door, interrupted only by an occasional admonition from his superior on the "poop" to "keep a sharp look out. All around us numbers of huge sharks, the rapacious tigers of the deep, watched with piercingly eager eyes to catch whatever might be thrown overboard; whilst the graceful nautili now and then unfolded their tiny, fragile sails to find that even they alike were doomed to temporary inaction. A respite from this state of oppressive listlessness came at length, and it produced a scene for an artist to witness and pourtray, in the magical revival of spirits, and the consequent stir, bustle, and activity of preparation—all this from a scarcely discernible motion on the far off surface of the slumbering deep, not more perceptible than that produced by the faint out-breathing of one awakened from a trance; a few faint, feathery ripples not yet assuming the soft action of a "cat's paw*," but gradually strengthening and extending, until at length the aerial harbinger called into new life broad fields of careering, foam-capt waves, coquettishly saluted our elegant† "royals," then bestowed a kindly kiss on "topgallant and topsails;" and lastly, waxing more lustily amorous, poured a right hearty salvo upon the giant courses. With almost lightning speed, up were run the ready "head sails," and then bracing around the creaking "yards," away we again sped right merrily on our course for the near by equator.

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* The nautical term for an exceedingly light zephyrous breeze, so called from its slow and stealthy approach and playful action.

† The loftiest and lightest sails.

A CALM AT SEA.

(Sonnet.)

The elements are hushed :—not a breath of wind
Steals o'er the unruffled bosom of the deep,
Nature has sunk into a tranquil sleep,
Her energies by a mysterious hand confined ;
The Ocean seemeth a vast, glassy plain,
Smooth and transparent through its wide extent,
Not a cloud bedecks the firmament
Where burning Sol holds undisputed reign.
The huge ship lies all powerless and still,
Her snow-white sails in listless festoons droop,
The baffled chieftain paces o'er the poop,
Of no avail is now his wonted skill ;
The power of God pre-eminent is shewn,
That He can rule the winds and waves alone.

A WAR SKETCH.

Camp hurriedly broken up—the enemy in sight—the battle.

Hark ! the shrill clarion sounds the wild alarm,
And belted warriors gather for the strife,
In eager haste they press into the ranks
Of each Brigade in rapid order formed.
The restive chargers chafing 'neath restraint
Instinctive seem to scent the battle-field.
Each ear is listening for some signal sound,
As silently, but quickly, they advance.
Far in the van the vigilant videttes
Are keenly searching for the embattled foe,
Lest all unconscious the battalions plunge
Into the fire of deadly ambuscade.
Hark ! there bellows the first gun
With thundering roar portentous !
And see, the scouts are madly dashing in ;
One horse with gory flank and flying mane,
Nostrils distent, with wild and fiery eye,
And empty saddle, flies into their midst—
Herald of the dreadful work begun.
" On ! on ! my men,"—the veteran Chieftain cries,
" On, warriors ! on, and strike in honor's cause :
" Charge home ! charge home ! God and right
" With glorious victory will crown our arms.
" Strike for happy homes despoiled !
" Strike for altars' desecrate !
" For wives and daughters' violate
" Strike for your aged sires and lisping babes

" With devilish spite so late remorseless slain,
" Sure be your aim and strong your blow
" To lay the traitorous assassins low."
Now begin the cannon to outpour
The iron messengers, and in mid-air
Hissing rockets cleave their fiery track,
And ceaseless showers of loaded fusé-lit shells
Make dreadful havoc where they exploding fall.
Awful the din—as when the pent-up fires
Of Etna's burning mount, with fierce eruption rent,
Hurled dire destruction o'er Sicilia's plains—
Like terrors—like destruction—here impend:
Skies rent with rushing bolts, or charged
With phosphorescent jets and sulphrous smoke,
Soon fill the vault, and shroud the earth
With an infernal pall: Magazines as frequent they explode
With shapeless matter fill the affrighted air,
Frighted by rude displacement:
Hills cleft asunder tremble to their base,
Trees uprooted fall with heavy groan,
And many a once majestic, manly form
Lies 'mid the ruin—a mangled, shapeless mass.
Fiercer and fiercer grows the battle's rage,
Each host contending for the vantage ground,
Ten thousand rifles unremitting pour
A storm of death amid the wavering ranks;
Then comes the dreadful bayonet charge
Cleaving a crimsoned way through many a corse.
Crushed by the furious onslaught and subdued,
The vanquished legions terror-stricken fly;

And now the keen blades of the helmed Dragoons,
Who scour the incumbered plain in fierce pursuit,
On every hand a fearful carnage make.
In heaps the dead and dying strew the ground
A ghastly, piteous, heart-revolting sight;
Awakened reason shudders at the scene,
The ear is startled by the piercing wail
Of the wounded in their agony, who with glazed sight
And livid cheek, for "water! water!" cry;
Water to cool their parched, protruding tongue,
Water to 'suage their burning, maddening thirst.
Some beyond hope lie steeped in clotted gore,
With wounds no mortal skill may hope to heal,
These racked with pain for "mercy! mercy!" cry,
Imploring friend or foe, to cut the cord
Of ebbing life, and end their misery.

. . . .

Into a hastily dug and common grave
Heaps of crushed unrecognized remains,
Of what were lately living, beauteous forms,
Are indiscriminate thrown:
Many, where they crawled to die
In any near by covert,
Remain the prey of the gaunt wolf,
Who ravenous 'neath the sickly moon
Awaits his horrid feast:
The lurid light of countless watch-fires
Reddens the thickening haze
With an unearthy gleam—
Such is War!

MY THOUGHTS, DEAR GIRL.

To S. H. P.

Dear girl! my thoughts are taking me
From India far away,
To where, with nature, love, and thee
I once held holiday.

In that delightful summer time,
Of bliss without alloy,
When we in all our youthful prime
Revelled in purest joy.

On this how sweet to contemplate,
Though year on year has fled;
And 'twas not our allotted fate,
Though plighted to be wed.

Still thy image fills my soul,
Unfading, fresh, and fair;
Still doth time in ceaseless roll,
My changeless love declare.

And thou—does any thought of me
Thy tender bosom fill?
Does e'er a wakeful memory
Those bye-gone days reveal?

Delicious moments which we shared,
Of hope despairing never,
When we our mutual love declared,
And vowed to love for ever.

Dost thou remember the beginning
Of our young love—life?
When to me in fondness clinging
Thou said—"*I'll be thy wife.*"

We were but dreamers then, nor knew
What fate, alas! had said;
Our thoughts were of the rainbow's hue,
A rainbow's radiance shed.

Rememberest how oft I sped me
To thy dear rural home?
How the same power which led me
Led thee the first to come

At the well-known sound to meet me,
At the quickly opened door,
With warm embrace to greet me,
And kiss me o'er and o'er.

How, lingeringly we dallied
In some corner of the hall,
Till oft-times we were rallied
By the maternal call;

Though not until with rapture,
I'd pressed thee to my bosom,
And made delicious capture
Of thy cheeks tempting blossom;

Had rifled from thy rosy lips
Nectar, such as Gods might crave,
Nectar such as Bee ne'er sips
From sources Flora gives and gave

Had felt thy heart's impassioned beating
Responsively to mine,
Had echoed back in true repeating
Each tender word of thine.

Then we hasted with complacence,
Hand in hand of one another,
To the exalted, noble presence
Of thy sweet, indulgent mother.

By the Oriel window sitting,
Shaded by the graceful Vine,
Busily engaged in knitting
Some beautiful design.

Yet never so absorbed was she
As to forget the greeting,
She ever warmly gave to me,
With welcome oft repeating.

Mirthfulness danced in her eye,
Smiles lit up her lovely face,
As with a vein of pleasantry,
Heightened by her winning grace

She rallied us on our long stay,
And dalliance in the Hall,
Revealing in her playful way
Our dearest secrets all.

All which we bore most stoical,
Nor feared to make admission,
For the penance was most merciful,
Ending in wise permission,

For each of us to take our fill
Of love, (with all discretion)
Whilst youthful zeal and ardor still
Remained in our possession.

And what genuine pride was mine
When she called me her dear son,
And she joined my hand with thine,
Saying, take her—she is all thine own.

Thou wast glad ;—to me 'twas heaven,
Each to each thus fitly plighted,
And the word and promise given
To be faithful till united.

Where is now the vow and token ?
Wherefore was I left to mourn ?
Better had it ne'er been spoken,
Better had we ne'er been born.

Yet I will not thee condemn,
Altho' I stricken, bleeding, lie,
Thou was not so much to blame—
'Twas cruel fate ! 'twas destiny !

TO MISS E. B—

ON HER PRESENTING ME WITH MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

Lady, whose skillful hand has traced
This faithful portraiture of one
To memory so precious and so dear,
My justly loved—my own sweet, sainted Mother.
Who, when I was yet a tender child
Unconscious of my loss irreparable,
Was borne on wings of Angels to her God ;
This Earth no fit abode for her,
Too meek, too pure, too gentle for its strife :
Oh ! how I thank thee Lady for this treasure,
This tribute of thine own considerate thought :
Now can I oft recall to my lone heart
Sweet recollection of the Angel form,
May trace each beauteous lineament of her,
Who gave *me* life—so soon to yield her *own* ;
Incited by her honorable course,
And by renewed intent for future good,
Oft as I raptured gaze, I may aspire
To wing my flight unto those realms of bliss,
By her be welcomed to those glorious scenes,
That better land—the *only* resting place
Where love and joy eternal ever reign,
And re-united spirits part no more.

ON SIGHTING THE COAST OF ENGLAND AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Come boys! see boys! quickly come!
Climb the bulwarks, mount the booms,
Yonder is our native home,
Just where that white cliff boldly looms;
Hurrah! at length we're drawing nigh
The land, the land of liberty!

Hold onward, bonny, bonny barque,
Speed away to that blessed shore,
Let's hear again the song of the lark,
And breathe the air we've breathed before;
Speed away gallant barque,
For thee and us, there is rest in store.

Long time we've traversed the raging sea,
Long time braved the winds and weather,
Long have yearned for the land of the free,
At length are thither bound together,
And there, beneath that bright blue sky,
Is the dear land of liberty.

Cheer boys, cheer! the moon shines bright,
And swiftly courses our noble ship,
Cheer boys, cheer! by the next daylight,
If fortune favor, the cable we'll slip;
Hurrah! hurrah! by next daylight,
If fortune favor, the cable we'll slip.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

WRITTEN AT CHANDERNAGORE.

Come, bring thy pipe, dear "Bel,"
I'll take mine as well,
We'll go to some cool shady spot,
Where the sun has entered not,
Where the perfumed evening breeze
Coquettes with flower-laden trees,
And the Bulbul's liquid note
Charms the fading twilight out,
There in fancy will I roam
To my dear old English home,
And I'll tell thee, in rude rhymes,
All about the good old times
When hearts were hearts in every sense,
And not as now all mere pretence:
When simple manners were the rule,
E'er the pretentious modern school
Of fashions—spurious taste and art,
Had enslaved the human heart.
Well 'tis thirty years ago or more,
It matters not what day or hour,
My darling mother had just been
Laid within the churchyard green,
A huge old fashioned Coach was brought
Up to our house-door, and I
And my sweet sister Mary—.

"Sister"! (say you)—You were not aware
I had a sister? Oh yes! there
Her portrait is: hasn't she a lovely face!
Just like all the Saxon race?
Hold! Zounds! prythee, don't be poking,
I do assure you I'm not joking;
It is conceded that for every charm,
Britain's unrivalled daughters bear the palm;
You know a bigot I am not at all,
Much less should I disparage fair Bengal,
Whose daughters are as lovely as its flowers,
And who bestow their kindnesses in showers;
In fact wherever women may be found,
I like them one and all the wide-world round:
I was about to say—her features don't bely
Her virtues—she's of sterling quality,
My love for her will never cease to flow,
For she 's my only sister, "Bel," you know,
As I am only brother, so you see
Each dotes on other, as it should truly be
(Ah! you're wedded now Polly and have one
Sweet pledge of sacred love—a pretty son)
You 'll see her when we go to England,
Would the time for going were at hand;
But what's to hinder?—I can see no reason,
'Tis just to pack our "traps" and seize on
Pater Tempus by the forelock,
Ourselves per rail and dawk to Bombay book,
First steamer catch, when in 3 weeks at least
We'd find ourselves deposited in Trieste,
Thence o'er Mont Cenis into la belle France,

'Tis just a hop, skip, and a dance ;
Onward to Calais, thence fly swiftly over
The famous Straits to the old town of Dover,
Where, dear Bel, you 'd get an English greeting
Would set your heart [as mine with e'en the thought does] beating,
Kind hearts, sweet faces, would be there assembled,
Sweet lips pronouncing welcome undissembled :
Come let's away, without delay, by to-morrow's sun,
In thought indeed, with lightnings' speed, I have already gone.
Just see that happy group out upon the jetty,
Roses of dear England, so charming and so pretty ;
There's my Cousin Mabel, I declare,
That lovely, laughing girl with wealth of flaxen hair;
Just see the rogueish sprite what she is about,
Pinning some dripping sea-weed upon some one's coat;
Oh Mabel, Mabel, were I by your side, I wis,
I'd give those cherry lips of yours a hearty, hearty kiss,
And well I know, you fairy, you 'd take it not amiss ;
But oh, alas! how bootless, and idle talking so,
For it is plain to see, dear Bel, we cannot, cannot go,
So I fear we for the nonce to destiny must bow.
You wish me to inform you where those fair ones dwell,
Some reside at Croydon, and some at Camberwell,
Others at Northfleet, and some in Hertfordshire,
And one North Country damsel at Durham on the Wear,
And others live among the vines of clustering hops, which scent
With fragrance exquisitely sweet the lovely land of Kent.

Oh! Monsieur Lesseps! do like a good soul
Displace that horrid sand, then we'll all
By Suez go some long holiday
Without being roasted by the Desert way;
But what a long digression I have made,
The clue to catch I fain must retrograde:
Well, as I was saying, we were put
Into the Coach, while in the "boot"
Was stowed a hamper, crammed chock-full
Of game-pies, capons—bottles (oh! John Bull)
Of wines, beer—and I know not what,
Plates, glasses, and a pewter pot,
And I believe there was also
Store of cordials for the ladies too;
I hope 'twas not forgotten in the hurry,
Because I'm sure they 'd be so very sorry,
England being one of those oft varying climes,
'Tis wise to take a little stimulant sometimes;
Besides 'tis comforting you know—and why!
Just "for the stomach's sake—(*See* Paul to Timothy);
Our sire now entered with the other sex,
The whip was cracked and off we drove to Essex—
Not Wessex, that's in the West Country,
At least it was so in the Heptarchy,
This is an East County where much wheat,
Oats—barley—saffron—rape—and beet
Prolific grow, the soil you know
So rich is, and it must needs be so,
For there is seen the genuine Saxon Yeoman,
The stalwart teamster, and the sturdy ploughman,

The frugal housewife, and the ruddy maid,
In all their native excellence displayed :
But to proceed, we travelled slowly on
Through many a pretty hamlet—village—town,
The names of which I cannot now recall,
It's too far back, and I so young withal,
But I remember stopping at an inn,
At a smart little town called "Saffron Walden,"
To bait the horses, who shewed signs of sinking
Of fatigue; there was also some tea-drinking
For the elders, but my father's son and daughter
Took nothing stronger than some milk and water,
A liquid given, as a general rule,
To growing misses when at boarding school,
In fact it forms part of the daily rations,
Being efficacious to restrain the passions;
Thence we journeyed till we came to "Thaxtead,"
And onward to our destination "Braxted"—
"Broxted" I believe is the true way of spelling,
These Saxon names are not famed for excelling
In euphony—in spite of Hollingshed—
At dusk we reined up at a dwelling,
Yclept "Broxtead House," which was to be
The home of my sweet sister and of me,
With kindly welcome we were ushered in
By the good Yeoman and his wife, a woman
Was what is justly called a paragon,
Kind as comely, considerate as tender,
May Heaven from every ill defend her,
She pressed us to her loving breast and said—
"Sweet Orphans, here each little head

May fearless rest, I 'll be to you another
Affectionate, fond, faithful mother;
Then with repeated fond caresses,
Relieved us of our travelling dresses,
To all our little wants gave heed,
And as 'twas late, and we were tired she said,
She and the housemaid took us up to bed;
The rest delayed to sup off eggs and bacon,
And got the nightmare, or I'm much mistaken,
Whilst we, our gentle mater novum gone,
For first occasion being left alone,
No longer could our pent-up feelings smother,
But apprehensive, clinging to each other,
Broke out into a sobbing doleful wail,
Like two stray kittens in a milking pail,
Until, 'neath nature's influence and the weather's,
We fell asleep amongst the yielding feathers,
Unconscious till the clarion of the cock
Welcomed the dawn, and every slumberer woke,
When unaccustomed sounds assailed our ears,
Sounds rather startling to our young ideas;
The lowing of the impatient kine,
Neighing of horses, grunting of the swine,
Twittering of sparrows in the spreading vine,
Crying of turkies, cackling of the geese,
Squabbling of rooks among the old elm trees,
The scream of guinea fowls and peacock's note,
Cooing of pigeons in the neighbouring "cote,"
Bleating of sheep impatient to be led
To verdant meads, by blue skies canopied :

But soon a change diversified the scene,
All settling down to regular routine,
And we were borne by willing hands and able
Down the oak stairs unto the breakfast table;
So numerous the folks were there assembled,
It like a Baron's gathering resembled:
They gave us such a hearty Saxon greeting,
As for the moment set our young hearts beating,
But kindly welcome, and the cordial air,
Quickly dispelled all apprehensive fear.
E'er yet was touched the generous repast,
Every eye to Heaven was upward cast,
The good man joined his hands, and said
We thank Thee Lord for this our daily bread,
May we our hearts in thankfulness uplift,
For every blessing, every bounteous gift;
Continue Thou thy kind, paternal care,
Be this our fervent and continual prayer,
And keep us Lord this day from every sin,
To which spontaneously all breathed—Amen.
Near us at the groaning table sat
A meek-eyed "Quaker" lady—"Mrs. Pratt,"
A wealthy neighbour, whom to know
Was to set the coldest heart aglow;
She was gentle as a dove,
A heart surcharged with tenderness and love;
The Dorcas of the village, all her days
Were spent in striving to assuage
The pains and sorrows of her kind;
To no *one* class exclusively confined,

The truth she beautifully understood,
That all are children of a common God,
Nor ever questioned or of sect or creed,
But dealt with each according to his need.
Did more of us thus liberally inherit
This generous and benignant spirit,
There would, I take it, be far less occasion
To lament beyond all rhyme and reason,
And with each other wrangle and make war,
Placing the blame to poor Eve's *fa pas*.
Who has not his golden pippin stolen,
Until the catalogue has so much swollen,
That I do vow me, tho' no wondrous sleeper,
I should'nt like to be the Record-keeper:
Alas! dear, great-great grandmamma
What a fuss thy children's children to be sure
About an apple make, which at best
Is but an allegory like the rest;
It seems with some a species of fatality,
Mere parables to look on as reality;
Then too to heap on a poor woman
For every ill the blame;—O, Man! O, Man!
How *can* you with such self-assumption do so?
Cease such unjust aspersions—do,
The very thought straight send to Jericho,
Henceforth the wiser course pursue,
Be honest, charitable, true,
Taught in wisdom's uncorrupted school,
Be your constant text the "Golden Rule,"
'Stablished by Him who reigns in Heaven above:—
Thy neighbour as thyself to love.

THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF CHARITY.

With special reference to donations and bequests—the misappropriation of which has so often been detected.

Oh ! were I a millionaire,
I vow by Earth and Heaven above me,
It should be my constant care
To make all suffering mortals love me:
I would not give my pity only,
And pass distress unheeded by,
But to the poor, and sick, and lonely,
Would with the needful succour fly:
I would not give a fixed donation,
To be in doubtful keeping locked,
For I have heard the true relation
How cruelly the poor are mocked ;
Of how their spirit oft is broken,
The tale of misery heard with doubt,
Of inconsiderate words outspoken
By them who dole the pittance out ;
And I have seen the favors given
With an unjust and partial hand,
Whilst actual merit has been driven
Sad and despairing through the land.
Sweet Charity ! from heaven translated,
How art thou tortured and belied,
Too oft with sordid natures mated,
With heartless bigotry allied,
Which, blindly wedded unto "*Creed*,"
Makes universal love recede,
And gives direct, unblushing lie
To Him who bled on Calvary:

Yet 'tis not thee, there 's no relation,
'Tis not the substance,—but (only) the name
Which some assume for self-laudation,
And trumpet-tongued their deeds proclaim.
Ye generous hearts! who freely give
Your offerings with the best intent,
Learn clearly whether they receive,
For whom your special boon is meant;
See that the agents whom you trust
Are faithful, honest, strictly just,
And that no portion is mis-spent,
Or into other channels sent,
To enrich a hypocritic set,
Who with the Devil are well met,
Passing fair their outward mien,
Within rank rottenness is seen,
Rapacious wolves in sheep's disguise,
Who oft mislead with specious lies.
Brothers, beware! I counsel you
Who've seen, and know it to be true,
One-half your bounty is assigned
To these, the vultures of mankind:
How easy with the stroke of pen,
For one pound sterling to put ten;
That such is done, you, if you look,
May trace in the disbursement book:
What man living 'neath the sun
Can ever undetected run?
For proofs, 'tis just to look around,
You 'll find too many proofs abound,
Where institutions well-endowed

To decay have been allowed ;
Where noble charities well-founded
By checks repellant have been bounded,
The donors' wishes set at nought,
By management with knavery fraught,
By systom quite irrelevant
To the original intent;
Of trustees who, most regarding self,
'Mongst each other share the pelf,
And like a set of greedy sinners
Waste the funds in champagne dinners,
And many more demands and charges,
Which the unlawful bill enlarges ;
Thus the poor man's share, and woman's,
Dwindles down to damned short commons,
Until at length by foul, dry rot
The institution goes to pot ;
To me it seemeth passing queer
The donors' spirits don't appear,
Indignant from their graves spring out,
Make a dreadful noise and rout,
And pull these Vandals by the snout :
It wouldn't give so much surprise,
For sure of the gross infamies
The vilest, blackest of them all—
One we may sacrilegious call—
Is this most heartless misappropriation
Of Charity's bequeathal and donation :
Enough ! 'tis yours by most effectual way
These crying evils to detect and stay,
Perfecting thus a noble work of love,
The poor will bless you, and just Heaven approve.

ABYSSINIA.

Britannia has commanded,
And Napier has landed
On Abyssinia's shore,
A thousand noble vessels lay
At anchor down in Annesley Bay—
Look out Theodore.

The signal flies at every mast,
"Shorten sail, your anchors cast,
Moor your vessels close in shore,"
And ten thousand warriors shout,
Making the very skies ring out—
"Look out Theodore."

Be aware of a Napier,
He a road will quickly clear,
And soon be knocking at your door,
'Tis ready—aye ready,
Steady! Boys, steady—
Look out Theodore.

For your safety have a care,
Conquering heroes coming are,
Merriweather's to the fore;
Led by your unlucky star,
You roused the angry god of war—
Now look out Theodore.

ABYSSINIA.

'Twas a mad idea to try on,
The waking of the British Lion,
He does not for nothing roar;
You have broken on his rest,
Now you may do your very best—
But look out Theodore.

Beware the British Grenadiers,
And unerring cannoniers,
With guns of Armstrong bore;
Beware the skilled, unfailing guiders
Of the Enfields and the Sniders—
Look out Theodore.

Away rattles the steam king,
There's no delay or dallying
With Napier to the fore;
'Tis march! march! night and day,
On! on! to victory—
So look out Theodore.

Pioneers in the front
Every obstacle surmount,
Mountains climbing o'er;
Trumpet sound and bugle call
Assures your certain, speedy fall—
Look out Theodore.

On o'er the craggy peaks
Come the Rajpoots and the Seikhs,
Warriors to the core;

Battalion on battalion
Are pressing quickly on—
Look out Theodore.

Bugles sound and rifles crack,
Avengers out upon your track
Will soon be knocking at your door;
You 'd better very civil be,
And set our captive brethren free—
Or look out Theodore.

Napier has spoken out already,
Press forward men, be steady,
Brave as you have been before,
On! on to Magdala,
With a blow to end the war—
Look out Theodore

ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

An exile on the deck I stand,
And bid adieu to thee fair land,
As fast approach the shades of night,
Thy white cliffs vanish from my sight;
Another morn, another day
Will bear me far—how far away
Perchance my hapless fate no more
To gaze upon thy well-loved shore.

Adieu ! bright jewel of the sea,
Home of the brave, the fair, and free,
Where nature's bounteous, lavish hand
Choice gifts hath scattered o'er the land ;
Sad, sorrowful, emotions now arise,
Tears spontaneous dim the aching eyes,
With deep emotion beats the anguished heart,
From scenes so hallowed hapless thus to part.

There my gentle mother gave me birth,
There sleeps she 'neath the moss-grown sacred earth,
Called from this varying life of care and pain
In a far happier, better, sphere to reign :
Angel Mother ! thou my hope shalt be,
Fearless I'll brave the perils of the sea,
Thy spirit guards, thy prayers to God ascend,
He to those prayers effectual will attend.

There when a careless child I roved,
'Twas there alas ! I too well loved,
When 'mid the vallies, hills, and bowers
With *one* I passed my happiest hours,
As oft delaying 'neath the moonbeams pale,
Hope breathed a flattering and seductive tale ;
Gone is that golden dream, the promise given,
False as the heart by which my heart was riven.

Spread ! spread ! thy spacious canopy oh Night !
Shroud those mist-capped headlands from my sight,
Speed through the wide expanse ye fav'ring gales,
And fill with life and power the spreading sails ;
England farewell, dear bosom friends adieu,
May gracious Heaven bless and prosper you,
May smiling peace and plenty with you dwell,
A Briton's fervent prayer—my native land farewell !

TO—.

Dearest! 'twas yesternight
When I kissed thee, and said "farewell,"
"'Neath Dian's witching light,
Which on thy sweet face fell,
Thou bad'st me to repent;
But oh! thou art so winning,
I ne'er could be content
To forego that sinless sinning;
I never could refrain
While life's warm pulses beat
Again—and yet again,
Such sinning to repeat,
Which enthralls the every sense,
With love's choicest recompense,
Felt not alone by me, I wis,
The soft delirium of bliss,
Experienced by those alone
Who've known what you and I have known:
Of such sweet sinning I'll repent,
When life's last lingering breath is spent;
Till then I'll venture deeper in,
And revel—revel—in such sin.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

I gave him my love, but he would not accept,
The moment I saw him, I felt, I adored,
What prayers have I breathed, what tears have I wept,
E'en Heaven itself hath my anguish deplored.

I gave him my heart—all ! all !
I saw him, and e'er he had spoken
I loved him beyond all recall,—
Ah, me ! from that hour I'm heart-broken.

What tho' he speaketh me fair,
His words do but breathe of esteem,
That cannot, cannot compare
With the *love* that I cherish for him.

Did he know how I weep and pray
For him, thro' the lone hours of night,
How each sorrowful, sorrowful day
For me bringeth no ray of light ;

Sure he then could never remain
Unconscious of how my heart's riven,
Nor would he thus treat with disdain
The love—life—the all I have given.

Oh ! Thou who inspirest the heart
With emotions none can control,
Pluck from thy quiver a dart,
E'er a moment of time further roll,
Let it pierce him up to the shaft,
That *he* feel that anguish of soul.

Q

REFLECTIONS.

Plainly I don't believe,
In punishment eternal,
A doctrine infernal
Of priests to deceive.

Would the holy "*I Am*"
Of all the Creator,
Preserver, Vindicator,
Thus destine poor man?

Fount of love is *God*,
And mercy's quintessence,
Love reigns in *His* presence,
Such is the *Lord*.

Lord of all Lords!
King of all Kings!
'Neath Thine *Almighty* wings
We rest and look heavenwards.

Thou knowest we weak are,
How prone to stray,
How led away
By poor human nature.

Thou art not to fear,
No terrors are *Thine*,
But compassion divine,
Lord our prayers hear.

That if we offend,
Yet by faith in Thee,
Of forgiveness and mercy,
We may fear not the end.

SONNET.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

In the beginning, God, supremely wise,
In heaven conceived a grand and wondrous thought,
When quick a beauteous region sprang from nought,
A world appeared within the boundless skies,
Mountain and valley, river, fount, and rill,
Tree, herb and flower, and lawn of verdant green,
All magically rose to grace the scene
And prove the power of an Almighty will;
Finally, Oh! great beyond compare,
God formed of clay his own similitude,
And straight rose man, with breath of life endued,
Appointed the sole lord and ruler there;
Primeval monarch! whence all nations spring,
Pure,—perfect stood, in Paradise, a King.

SONNET.

The Creation of Woman.

'Midst all his bliss man could not reign alone,
Fresh want and wish invaded soon his breast,
And visions strange disturbed his wonted rest;
New joys inexplicably sweet were shewn,
Thus, as returning day in splendor rose,
More sad and pensive in his bower he sat,
Noting that beast and bird had each its fitting mate,
He, sole unmatched, no kindred spirit knows—
Not long he sorrowed : the all merciful and good,
Sealing his eyes in slumbers deepest shade,
From his own form a lovely creature made,
And Earth's Queen Mother sweetly smiling stood :
He awoke in extacy, and with rapture prest
The beauteous Eve unto his loving breast.

SONNET.

"LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN FIRST CAST THE STONE."

Pity the fallen ! pause ere you assail
With persecuting tongue and cruel scorn,
Enough their anguished hearts are torn ;
And did you know the sad and mournful tale,
How from fair virtue's pinnacle they fell,
As treacherously beguiled, suspecting not
That such would be their bitter, bitter lot ;
Then would your breast with generous feelings swell,
Impelled to pity rather than deride,
'Twould be your mission, merciful as brave,
Kindly to counsel, and their sorrows save ;
Thus would you be with mercy's God allied,
Who spake these words, compassionate in tone :—
"Let him who knows not sin first cast the stone"

INDIA.

A Sonnet.

There is a glorious future traced for thee,
Thou many-peopled, mighty Indian land;
Continous signs uprise on every hand,
Denoting what thy destiny will be;
Awhile shall British wisdom hold thy helm,
And guide thee in a safe and prosperous track,
More than thy ancient glory to give back,
And 'stablish firmly an illustrious realm.
Thy tribes shall be united, kings shall reign,
And in security hold gentle sway,
Discord and strife shall vanish far away,
With superstition's dark and cruel bane:
Thy sons will then consult their lasting good,
And yield fit homage to the one true God.

LIE THINE HEAD UPON MY BOSOM.

To P—

Lie thine head upon my bosom, dear,
List to my heart's beating,
Tale of love repeating,
Tale of love sincere,
Darling, draw near.

I cannot rest without thee, Pris',
Thou art my life,
Save in name my sweet wife,
Let us seal with fond kiss,
Mutual love, mutual bliss.

Close, close, come to my arms,
Let me hold thee, press thee
To my heart, and caress thee,
Gaze, gaze on thy charms,
And inhale thy breath—balm of balms.

Look into thy witching eyes,
Bask in thy enchanting smile,
Our fingers interlocked the while,
Glances exchanging, mingling sighs,
Extacy of extacies.

Closer, closer, closer still,
Let us lay our affections bare,
Our mutual desires declare,
From Cyprian fount take each our fill,
Love cannot slumber or be still.

Let us mingle soul with soul,
In passionate, ling'ring kiss,
And with one breath breathe this :—
"No longer twain are we but whole,
"Inseparably one on Nature's Roll."

TO THE DEITY.

On recovery from a long illness.

God of mercy! God of love!
Great first cause of all below,
King supreme in Heaven above,
To Thee with reverence I bow,
To Thee in deep humility
I lowly come on bended knee.

Thou hast heard my anguished cry,
Hast counted every falling tear,
And hast listened to my sigh,
When none but Thou alone wast near,
And amid my darkest night
Hast poured a flood of cheering light.

How wonder-fraught Thy every plan,
How hard Thy purposes to know,
Who send'st affliction upon erring man,
In mercy givest him the chastening blow,
That deeply humbled, willing he may flee
Repentant, trustful, hopeful unto Thee.

Thus may I in meek submission come,
Preserver mine—Creator, Father, Friend,
With Thee to make my everlasting home,
Where love and joy eternal ever blend:
My heart, my soul, to Thee be wholly given,
That I may find enduring life in Heaven.

A LEGEND OF BENGAL.

The following incidents were related to me by a respectable resident of Calcutta, who had been told by his grandsire that the events actually occurred, about a century ago, in a district of Bengal not far distant from the capital, where two mysterious personages, said to be Gods or Angels, suddenly appeared in the manner described, and after inflicting severe chastisement upon a barbarous and wicked race of people, assumed one form and vanished amid the clouds.

A good deal of superstition is no doubt mingled with some truth; but just as I received, so have I attempted to render it into rhyme.

Not far from where Calcutta's walls are reared,
In byegone age two strange fair boys appeared;
Unknown their clime, their object, or their birth
As daily, hand in hand, they wandered forth;
In natures purest mould their form was cast,
Faultless in shape, in beauty unsurpassed,
Their stature equal as their seeming years,
And mind of one the other's mind appears;
No thought, nor wish, nor feeling was expressed,
But came responsively from each one's breast:
Though in two persons, yet they seemed but one,
Thus co-existent did their passions run,
As ever, (closely linked,) by Gunga's side,
They paced from dawn of day till eventide;
Met they kind greeting from the passers by,
Caught they kind glance of any loving eye,
Received they succour in their seeming need?
Did maid or matron their petitions heed,

Give them a shelter from nocturnal blast,
Or food to stay their long protracted fast?
Ah, no! the rude reproach and scowling face
Bespoke a savage and unpitying race
To every noble, high incentive blind
(The wolves and serpents of the humankind);
But God is good, and hears the humblest prayer,
He takes the needy 'neath His watchful care,
He makes a pathway, turns the opposing will,
And softens into deep feeling hearts of steel:
A herdsman bade the unfriended wanderers come
And share the comforts of his humble home;
To him the boys, by warm entreaty prest,
The wondrous story of their life confest;
These their words, as hoary sages tell,
Which from their lips in ready accents fell:—
"Friend, 'neath whose hospitable roof we dwell,
"Attentive listen, ponder every word;
"Hast thou not in old traditions heard
"That spirits oft descending from the skies,
"Traverse the earth in human form and guise,
"Spread wide their influence over every sphere,
"And rule the course of every circling year,
"Humbling the proud, the lowly they caress,
"Curse the guilty, but the good man bless;
"*We* are such agents of the incarnate God,
"Poor seeming youths in meanest raiment clothed;
"Nay, start not at out words, nor harbor fear,
"Thou shalt be held beneath our special care,
"And, as in mortal guise our prayers thou heard,
"Revealed *immortal*, we will thee reward;

"In three short days our might shall be displayed,
"Watch thou the event, but be not sore dismayed,
"On the third day when Sol is in mid-sky
"Thyself, thy household, and thy kindred fly,
"Recal thy cattle where they browsing roam,
"And haste to gather all within thy home."
Thrice rose the sun, and came the hour about,
Yet long the herdsman lingered, full of doubt,
No signs unwonted rose upon his sight,
Nature was calm, the heaven serene and bright,
Nor ought of coming danger he detects,
Thus wanting faith the warning he neglects,
When sudden from the forest glade there came
Familiar voices, calling him by name :
The stranger guests appear—"Haste thee! haste, they said,
"Ere' thou art speedy numbered with the dead;
"Blind and faithless! thus to doubt our word,
"Go, speed thee now, collect thy scattered herd,
"And while thou may'st thy kindred swift inform,
"Lest all be lost in the impending storm."
They said—and straight before his wond'ring eyes
The two unite, and vanish in the skies,
Enveloped in a cloud of brilliant light
Than summer sun more luminous and bright;
This scarce accomplished, e're a rushing sound
Convulsed the spacious firmament around,
And gathering clouds portentous overhead,
A veil of horrid darkness overspread,
Heaven's flood-gates opened—to seas the rivers swelled,

No longer in prescribed dominion held;
In quick succession came the lightning's flash,
And the loud thunder with appalling crash,
Furious the wind blew, and o'er the plain
Relentless sent a dreadful hurricane;
All nature, trembling, yielded to the spell,
Sturdiest trees uprooted reeling fell,
Houses and temples shaken to their base,
In heaps of ruins cumbered all the space,
And every living soul that region round,
Save one small band, by hand of death were bound,
Nor age, nor youth, nor infancy were spared,
A common wat'ry grave alike they shared;
Where late thick-peopled villages had been,
The herdsman's humble cot alone was seen;
He with his family, sole living, stood
Like the small remnant of Noachian flood,
Who issued forth on Ararat to find
Themselves sole members of the humankind;
So now beseemed this little chosen band,
Alone survivors of a fated land,
And their descendants to this day relate,
The wondrous story of their people's fate.

THE DEAD FAKEER.

Seen on a journey from Bombay to Agra through Central India

'Twas on the plains of Malwa late at eve,
Translucent Dian graced the starry sphere,
That we our weary oxen to relieve,
Whilst we imbibed the cool and balmy air,
Alighted from our rudely-fashioned car,
And in gay converse wandered long and far.

Troops of jackals with their mournful howl,
In stealthy motions sought their wonted prey;
The striped hyena with his savage scowl,
Gaunt and ravenous stalked across our way;
Whilst ghostly vampires with their startling cry,
Swept through the melancholy sky.

Sudden beneath a peepul's leafy shade,
Far other object met our startled sight,
Which quickly all our varied converse stayed,
We paused and stood transfixed in dread affright;
With glaring eyes, and famine-stricken, here
Lay the body of a dead Fakeer.

His breath had newly fled, and as he died
So lay he—a piteous, uncared-for, wreck;
Staff and water gourd were at his side,
His beads and talismans around his neck,
On these his bony fingers still were laid,
As he had counted them when last he prayed.

Sad thy fate, thou poor misguided one,
No pitying friend to minister relief,
As striken by a fiery midday sun
Thou sank a victim to thy blind belief,
Renouncing all the world on baseless plea,
The world had now no sympathy with thee.

Long ere another morning lit the East,
Thy bleaching bones alone the tale did tell,
Ravenous wolves were hast'ning to the feast,
Nearer and nearer came their horried yell,
To us a warning ere they gathered nigh,
'Twere wise and prudent quickly hence to fly.

From this event a lesson we may find
In life's concerns to bear an equal share,
To entertain a love for all mankind,
Assuming no exclusive or self-righteous air,
That when the spirit leaves this mortal frame
We may bequeath more than a mere worthless name.

PLATONIC LOVE.

HE.

Tell me not that love platonic
Ever did or can exist,
'Tis but a dream—a myth—a mist;
Oh ! no, no !
'Twill never do,
Never did nor can be so,
It's no go,—
Dearest Lyra, what say you?

SHE.

Thou whose wishes, e're exprssed,
Lay full revealed within my breast,
And granted are at thy behest;
The truth is plain,
As Spain is Spain,
Platonic love can never reign
While man is man and woman woman.

HE.

Ah ! methought you would agree,
And this perplexing question see
In the self-same light with me;
Flesh and blood
Have never stood
Unrestrained companionhood,
Never can, or ought, or should,
Without love's food.

SHE.

The truth thou hast outspoken,
So receive this little token,—
A kiss of sympathy
'Twixt thee and me,
Which ne'er withheld shall be:
We'll not deceive each other
Better far, I gather,
Do one thing or the other.

THE AWAKENING.

There is a sovereign balm for every heart-ache,
Tho' human skill and wisdom fail to cure,
'Tis only humbly trustingly to take
Our sorrows unto God—His aid is sure:
For hath He not invited us to fly
To Him in our extremity.

By faith in this assurance, I will go
Sinner as I am; I will straightway
Betake myself to Him, and shew
My heart to Him, hopeful that I may
Emancipated and unburdened be
From the great sorrow that oppresseth me.

Long have I striven against sense of right,
Long, 'gainst conviction have ignobly fought,
Shrouding in an interminable night
Each budding impulse with high promise fraught,
All through lack of courage to have trod
The narrow way which leadeth unto God.

From lack of courage to take up the cross,
To bear a little suffering for great gain;
Reluctance to yield accustomed intercourse
With what had given some pleasure—yet more pain,
Pain in the retrospect, for 'twas hollow—all
Yielding no profit, failing to recall,

Aught that was firmly founded, safe or real,
On which a beauteous monument might stand,
'Twas but an "Ignis-Fatuus"-like ideal,
Leading to dangers upon every hand,
It's very contemplation bringing pain
Of fearful sacrifice with no gain.

Father of all! Fountain of all love!
Deal with me as Thy wisdom seeth best,
Oh, let my humble prayer be heard above,
Grievous sinner do I stand confest;
In a peculiar manner visit me,
Unmurmuringly I'll bear Thy chastening rod,
So to become from sin and sorrow free,
Look down in mercy on me, Oh! my God.

TO THE DEITY.

During a long illness.

Thou from whom all joys and blessing flow,
Creator, Father, Counsellor and Friend,
Hear now my cry of bitter woe,
And Oh! on mercy's wings some succour send.

I know, my God, I cannot justly claim
One favor at Thy bounty-giving hand,
Yet humbly trusting in Thy saving name,
A sad and mourning suppliant now I stand.

Thou art compassion's self—a pitying God!
Though oft I err Thou know'st I love Thee still,
And wilt not too severely give the "rod"
Nor cup of anguish beyond measure.

Oh! Heavenly Father! now remember me,
So favor me that truly I be blest,
And may I ever so abide with Thee,
That I hereafter gain eternal rest.

IF LOVE LIKE MINE.

If love like mine be any worth,
If haply it accepted be,
Believe me by or heaven or earth,
Dear lady, that I love thee:
Lady dear! Oh! lady dear,
Believe me that I love thee.

Think it not a mere pretence,
Deem it not vain flattery,
Oh, no! in purest truest sense,
Dear lady, I do love thee:
Lady dear! Oh! lady dear,
Believe me that I love thee.

'Tis not that thou art beautiful,
Though fair thou art as fair can be,
There is a yet more potent spell,
Which bids me love thee—love thee:
Lady dear! Oh! lady dear,
Believe me that I love thee.

It is the beauty of thy heart,
From everything that's guileful free,
Untutored by deceitful art,
Which bids me love thee—love thee:
Lady dear! Oh! lady dear,
Believe me that I love thee.

For this I've given my heart to thee,
Lady dear! Oh! lady dear,
Wilt thou give thine heart to me?
But whisper yes within mine ear
And I shall happy, happy be,
Lady dear! sweet lady dear.

EXTRACT

From "Narrative of an Expedition into Burmese "Waters during the War of 1852."

On Monday morning the 27th, when passing the village of "Koonghee," said to be one Burmese (3 English) miles from "Moung-Yeoh" (our destination), we were met by messengers from this latter place, who had been despatched by their Chief with friendly assurances of welcome, and with presents consisting of fowls, fruit, eggs, milk, and a large jar full of wax candles. Wax must be very plentiful in Burmah, as a supply of candles manufactured from it had invariably accompanied every present received ; and they were also found more or less in use in most of the native houses. About 9 A. M., we reached a narrow creek opposite the mouth of which was so strong a current that it was found utterly impossible to stem it. In this dilemma we ran right under the bank, jumped into the midst of the elephant grass (here 15 feet high) and tracked; several men acting as pioneers cleared a passage with their hatchets and cutlasses—the worst part of it was the necessity of wading through the opposing creek waist deep in mud : several thinking to escape this pickle jumped into a ricketty canoe, containing but 2 broken paddles, and when in the very centre contrived by their clumsy manœuvres to get capsized, when down they went into the thick of it amid the loud laughter of the spectators, as they scrambled out half-choked,—and the beau-ideal of London "mud larks." On our nearing the town many hundreds of the inhabitants flocked out accompanied by some of the leading men.. The enthusiasm with which they greeted us, and the eagerness with which they put their hands to the tow ropes to expedite our progress, showed how anxiously they had awaited our expected arrival; but we had ample cause for believing that this implicit reliance placed in us, not only here but in most other places, had caused on the part of the protected a corresponding degree of apathy and negligence

from which they could only be aroused by the sharpest remonstrances, or by leaving them to their fate. We arrived opposite the central part of " Moung-Yeoh" about 10-30 A. M., and secured the boats *pro-tempore* to a large josspole stuck in the river, and surmounted by a gaily painted idol. This speechless God was, I presume, suppossed to rule the destinies of those who did business on the rushing waters. "Moung-Yeoh" was found to be a very pretty town—we were all charmed by its situation and appearance; the houses were of a far better description than we had hitherto seen, and with the temples and monasteries, were shaded by groves of noble trees; an air of comfort, peacefulness, and marked order and cleanliness, also reigned throughout. The banks of the river are low, and there is a large swamp on the south-west, and in mid channel north-east a low island entirely covered with rushes. At the lower end of the town was a sort of breastwork of thick planks about 5½ feet high, and at the upper end a strong stockade. Oog-da-look, the head man, was represented as being too old and infirm to come and personally pay his repects; but he sent his son, a gray-headed man of some 60 years of age—a very slow and stupid envoy, unfit to hold authority as any old woman. He said the stockaded end of the town was deemed comparatively secure, the southern extremity but weekly defended by the breastwork, and that was the part where an attack was most to be apprehended. There being no supply of firing for the steamers, the Deputy, before taking his departure, was directed to get 10,000 billets of wood stacked immediately—to which he agreed. The Governor Oog-da-look was at length induced to come on board; he was bent almost double by age, being feeble and scarcely able to stand without a support on either side, yet seemed to possess far more natural energy and intelligence than his son who had preceded him. He told us he was between 80 and 90 years of age; and also informed us that the Imperial General " Moung-Po" was encamped only 12 miles distant with an army of 14,000 men, making the situation of " Moung-Yeoh" a very critical one, and keeping his people in a state of constant alarm. He gave no credence to the reported attack on " Teen-Hoah" and capture of the women, as represented by the son of " Moung-ke-ein, the head man

of that place, who he asserted had formerly been a notorious dacoit, but by cunning and hypocrisy had succeeded in deceiving and obtaining papers of recognizance from the British Authorities. A month back he had appeared close to " Moung-Yeoh" with the intention of attacking it, but judging the place to be too strong for him had retired. He was a daring and well-known robber, and had kept all the neighbouring villages in a state of constant apprehension by his frequent predatory excursions. The old Chief said there were 500 houses in " Moung-Yeoh," but he could only muster some 300 fighting men whom he could depend upon. At his suggestion we slipped from under the protection of their elevated water God, and dropped down to the lower end of the town, and anchored opposite a small dilapidated temple, where the banks were sufficiently low to admit of our commanding the approaches with our gun and small arms. This aged Chief had been very highly spoken of by " Moung-look-lei, Governor of Henzadah, who assured us he was very trustworthy, had been much esteemed in his day, and was one of the few Burmese we should meet with who would not tell a lie. We had now ascended upwards of 200 miles into the heart of the enemy's country, had been exposed to attack in most unfavorable situations for ourselves, yet strange to say had not yet received a single hostile shot, nor even seen the foe,—except in the solitary instance at " Donabew," though it is true the numerous burnt villages and the assemblage at certain places of security of houseless refugees, gave quite sufficient evidence of their proximity. On the 28th and 29th nothing occurred worthy of note, so we had quite an easy time of it, resting from our labors, and recruiting strength for whatever storm might haply succeed such a calm. A young bullock was daily slaughtered ; and obtaining besides an ample supply of unaccustomed luxuries, we contrived to live quite sumptuously. Then there were frequent strolls ashore on the open space of ground south-west of the town, and now and then the pleasure of shooting a few wild fowls ; and a visit was paid to " Oog-da-look's " private chapel, a well-constructed brick building which if loopholed would have made a capital post for 30 or 40 men. The second day of our residence the inhabitants got up a " nautch."

It was conducted in a large tent pitched in the centre of the town, and was managed in a far superior style to that at "Henzadah." It lasted for 3 hours; but it was rather tedious work sitting so long, as there was an unvarying repetition of the same songs, and precisely similar things were acted over and over again. At the conclusion, one of the singing men stepped to the front of the platform, and sang an impromtu Ode describing the happiness of the people at our arrival; that they felt quite secure now, and able to prosecute their daily occupations in peace, as no enemy would now dare to approach them. A pretty girl then came forward, and spoke of the great admiration entertained for us by the ladies of "Moung-Yeoh," and giving assurances of their heartfelt devotion: unfortunately the whole of her speech was not clearly intelligible; but it must have been of a peculiarly interesting nature, as some parts of it excited considerable merriment with the applauding crowd.

EXTRACT from "Narrative of an Expedition into Burmese Waters during the War of 1852."

The site of Prome is an undulating plain, diversified by a few small hills and innumerable swamps intersected by nullahs. It is bounded on the north by the "Irrawaddy," and shut in to the southward by a semi-circular range of wooded heights; the entire plain is covered with dense jungles; the very houses smothered amid circling trees; and the spaces between them and the roads choked with rank grass, rushes, and reeds. As to the pagodas, one would almost be led to believe that they had at some remote period been dropped from the clouds, and that dozens of them had fallen on the summit of every little hill or spot of rising ground. The entire water-side is one unbroken string of them. They usually appear in groups, each pagoda built upon a separate base, and approached by a flight of steps—the entrance being guarded on either side by a colossal griffin, or equally great figures of Buddh and Godama. The summit of each pagoda-hill has been levelled, and is usually from 80 to 100 yards square, the sides scarped and revetted with brickwork. Most of these sacred edifices are in a very dilapidated

condition, crumbling with age and neglect, but still affording a perfect cover from shot and shell to men placed behind them. In a few hours a party of our "Engineers" could convert them into so many perfect little fortresses. They are seldom more than pistol-shot apart. For a distance of about 800 yards, the river's bank is nearly perpendicular, the water-face rocky and varying in height from 12 to 20 feet. In some places where it appeared to be most easily accessible, the enemy had covered it with a sort of chevaux-dé-frieze work of split bamboos, projecting about 2 feet above ground; the points very hard and sharp, and steeped in some poisonous solution which stained them a dingy-brown color. There were about 80 of them to every square yard. The ground has a natural slope upward from the crest of the bank towards the interior. About 10 feet from the crest, single lines of trenches had been recently dug, each line some 60 feet long by 4 in depth and 3 feet wide. The "deblai" had been carefully removed, and the low bushes and thick weeds between the trenches and the water's edge left untouched; thus the appearance of the bank was perfectly natural, and there was nothing that the eye could detect to lead to the supposition that a lurking foe was so near at hand, nor was there any mark by which their exact position might be discovered. In the rear of each trench was a gallery cut in the stiff soil, about 4 feet wide and 3 deep, roofed over with planks laid flat, and covered with 4 or 5 inches of earth. How the "deblai" was disposed of, unless it had been thrown into the river, one was at a loss to discover. A narrow covered passage from the trenches communicated with the galleries which appeared to be used as barracks, as they contained the arms and ammunition, provisions, cooking utensils, and even fires of the occupants; mats were placed along the bottom for them to sleep upon, though none but Burmese could possibly wriggle themselves in such holes, or endure the damp and heat for the briefest period; but they appeared to be as much at home in them as colonies of moles, moving about from point to point with great facility and speed. But the description of these subterranean coverts is not yet complete—the place seemed completely honeycombed with them. Branch galleries ran at right angles from those above-described

to the rear of some convenient walled pagoda or clump of trees which they held while tenable, and then effected their retreat unseen and in perfect safety to the lower regions, where they might have remained in security with the whole British Navy firing broadsides over them. During the night the enemy's scouts again caused great annoyance to our picquets, and succeeded in surprising a poor fellow of Her Majesty's 80th, who was posted over the field guns. The miscreants crept unobserved through the thicket, and severed the man's head from the body, with which and his accoutrements they decamped: all was effected with such quietude and celerity, that the next sentinel within hail knew nothing of the act until after its accomplishment. The same night some stragglers of the 18th had a narrow escape from a body of the enemy's cavalry.

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